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INSTRUCTOR ENTERTAINMENT SERIES

Plays for School Days



PUBLISHED BY
F. A. OWEN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DANSVILLE, N. Y.

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Price 40 Cents

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INSTRUCTOR ENTERTAINMENT SERIES

PLAYS FOR SCHOOL DAYS

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TWENTY - ONE SELECTED PLAYS THAT HAVE
BEEN USED SUCCESSFULLY IN
THE SCHOOLROOM

*For Pupils of Intermediate and
Grammar Grades*

Compiled By Florence R. Signor

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OF THE

F. A. OWEN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
DANSVILLE, N. Y.

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Plays for School Days

The Traitor

[AUTHOR'S NOTE—Scenery and costumes are not needed for the following dramatized story of Benedict Arnold. The boys of my sixth grade whittled wooden swords, and one of them brought a faded blue coat. These constituted our stage properties. I copied the "parts" on slips of paper, gave them out one Wednesday, and announced that we would have the play on Friday afternoon. From the first, it was a success, and I was surprised at the spirit and fire with which the boys played their parts.]

CHARACTERS

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

MAJOR ANDRE.

THREE AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

MESSENGER.

MINISTER.

ARNOLD'S WIFE.

ACT I

SCENE—The center of the schoolroom floor represents the woods at night. No scenery of any kind is needed. Simply write upon the board the words, "Woods at Night," and the imagination of the children can be relied upon to do the rest. Arnold is seen, pacing slowly back and forth, with bent head, and hands clasped behind him. Major Andre enters (from left) with a light, stealthy tread, and the two men stand facing each other.

ARNOLD (*in a whisper*)—At last you come!

ANDRE (*also in a whisper*)—Yes; I fear I am not prompt, but I was delayed. Have you the papers?

ARNOLD (*in an alarmed tone*)—Sh! (*Both glance fearfully around to ascertain that they are not observed. Andre approaches Arnold, who hands to him the papers which he has taken from an inner pocket.*)

ANDRE—Where shall I put them? (*Fumbles in his pockets, putting the papers in, then withdrawing them.*)

ARNOLD—What say you to your boots?

ANDRE—The very thing! (*Pulls off his boots, places papers in bottom, draws boots on, and stands facing Arnold once more.*)

ARNOLD (*advancing his hand*)—Good-by, Andre. Keep quiet, and all will be well.

ANDRE (*visibly hesitating a moment before he extends his hand to the traitor*)—Good-by, and—thanks. (*Glides stealthily away.*)

ARNOLD (*scornfully*)—Thanks! The British army must give me more than that, and shortly too. (*Gives a sudden start.*) Hark! (*Listens for a moment, with hand on sword.*) 'Twas but a distant gun I heard. Well, I must be off to camp, the camp that I'll leave so soon. (*Turns on his heel and walks briskly away.*)

ACT II

SCENE—Woods at night. Three farmers concealed in the bushes. Bushes may be represented by chairs, behind which the boys crouch. Andre is supposed to be on horseback, and runs across the floor, but is suddenly stopped by the three men who spring from the bushes.

ALL—Halt! Who goes there?

ANDRE (*confidently*)—Gentlemen, I suppose you belong to our side?

FIRST SOLDIER—Which side?

ANDRE—The lower party. (*The soldiers look at each other in surprise, then one springs forward and seizes Andre.*)

ANDRE (*angrily*)—What mean you by this?

SECOND SOLDIER (*quietly*)—Dismount, sir.

ANDRE (*angrily again—raising his whip*)—Leave go, sirrah, and let me pass.

THIRD SOLDIER—It's best to be quiet, sir. You must dismount, and be searched.

ANDRE—Searched! For what reason, I pray you?

FIRST SOLDIER—'Tis our custom. Dismount.

ANDRE (*with a forced laugh*)—Very well, I'll do your bidding, lads. 'Tis but little you'll find, though.

SECOND SOLDIER—Then all will be well, and you may proceed. Were you going to the British lines?

ANDRE (*shortly*)—Ay, to the British lines. (*The soldiers search his coat, trousers, etc. Finding nothing, they appear to be satisfied, and release the prisoner from their grasp.*)

ANDRE (*boldly*)—So you've finished, sirs. You see, 'tis as I told you. (*Prepares to mount, while soldiers stand looking at him.*)

THIRD SOLDIER (*suddenly*)—Boys! his boots! Those we forgot. They must come off.

ANDRE (*dismayed*)—Oh, sirs, I pray you. They are so tight—and 'tis all to no purpose. Come, come.

FIRST SOLDIER—No, they must come off. Here, boys, quick. (*They drag off the boots, feel in them, find papers, examine them, and then gaze at one another, their faces expressing amazement and sorrow. Andre stands at one side, with bent head, and hand shielding his eyes. One soldier keeps a heavy hand upon his shoulder.*)

SECOND SOLDIER—Boys, this fine fellow is a spy!

ANDRE (*straightening up, and trying to make light of it*)—A spy? You jest. There's no harm in those papers.

THIRD SOLDIER (*angrily*)—Harm? Do you think us louts who cannot read? Those are the plans of West Point, delivered to you by that fiend, Arnold. (*Turns to his comrades.*) Boys, we'll deliver the prisoner to Washington, and pursue the traitor, Benedict Arnold.

ANDRE (*entreatingly*)—Men, I beg of you, wait.

FIRST SOLDIER—We must not be delayed. Arnold is escaping. Be quick of speech.

ANDRE (*hurriedly*)—You men are poor. I have heard that many of the country people are starving. Will money persuade you to let me go?

ALL (*indignantly*)—Money!

ANDRE (*defiantly*)—Yes, money. If I'm allowed to proceed, I'll give you a sum of money, my gold watch, and my horse. These are all yours, if you'll but take your hands from off my shoulders for a moment.

SECOND SOLDIER (*sternly*)—Silence, sir! I am ashamed that we have listened to you so long. You are a spy, and will receive the treatment of one.

ANDRE—Then you would rather let your children starve, than take the money which would buy bread for them?

THIRD SOLDIER—Ay, sir, starve and die, before we'd take a penny earned in such a manner.

FIRST SOLDIER—Know, sir, once for all, that we are not Bene-

dict Arnold! (*They relieve Andre of his sword, and fall into line, two with a hand on Andre's shoulders, one walking in the rear.*)

SECOND SOLDIER—Forward! To camp, and Washington.
(*They move away in marching time.*)

ACT III

SCENE—Arnold at home. His wife is seated, and he stands beside her chair.

ARNOLD—How would it please you, wife, if we were to leave this country shortly, and go to England?

WIFE—England? My own country! Ah, Benedict, you jest.

ARNOLD—Nay, love, 'tis truth I speak. Wouldst like it?

WIFE—Do not ask me that. You know that to leave this country, with its turmoils, wars, and savage people, is my dearest wish.

ARNOLD—Come hither, then, till I whisper to you a secret.

WIFE—A secret? (*Approaches Arnold, but stops suddenly as she hears a loud knock.*)

MESSENGER (*rushing in*)—Is Arnold here?

ARNOLD—Ay, sir, what is it?

MESSENGER—Fly, sir, fly. All is discovered, Andre a prisoner, plans in the hands of Washington! The pursuers are close upon you. Fly!

ARNOLD (*in despair*)—All is lost. Good-by, wife, good-by.

(*He and messenger rush away together. Arnold's wife drops into a chair, covering her face with her hands. Looks up quickly, as several soldiers rush in.*)

LEADER—Is Arnold here?

WIFE—No, oh, no. (*Weeps.*)

(*Soldiers hasten out in direction which Arnold has taken. Wife runs to window, looks out, and leans against it, weeping.*)

ACT IV

SCENE—Andre in his prison cell.

ANDRE (*musings aloud*)—To-morrow I am to be hanged as a spy. Hanged! How can I bear it? Yet I am not afraid of death. I can give up mother, home, and fame, for my country,

but must I leave them the memory of a felon's death? I have begged that I may die the death of a soldier, that I may be shot, not hanged, but my prayer is refused, and to-morrow I must mount the scaffold. (*Sits down by a table and rests his head and arms upon it in an attitude of despair.*)

ACT V

SCENE—Many years later. Arnold's death-bed. Arnold reclines in a chair. Near him stands a clergyman. Over Arnold's knees is a coat.

MINISTER—Would you die a Christian?

ARNOLD—Christian? Will that faith give me back my honor? Look ye, priest, this faded coat is spotted with my blood. This coat I wore when I first heard the news of Lexington; when I planted the banner of the stars on Ticonderoga; that bullet hole was pierced in the fight at Quebec; and now I am a—let me whisper in your ear—a traitor! (*A pause. Arnold closes his eyes, and minister walks slowly away.*)

ARNOLD (*feebly*)—Put my old army coat over my shoulders, and let me die in it, imagining I am the man I was when I wore it, the man who bled for his country before he betrayed it! (*Minister throws coat over Arnold's shoulders, and stands back in meditative attitude as Arnold's eyes close again, and he sinks back in his chair.*)

MINISTER (*softly*)—What an unhappy man dies Benedict Arnold, the traitor.

(*Curtain.*)

—Aileen Schofield.

How the Constitution Saved the Nation

NOTE: This little play will give much pleasure to a history class if it is used in connection with lessons on the Constitution, and it also will make an interesting number on a patriotic program.

CHARACTERS

COLUMBIA.

FREEDOM.

WASHINGTON.

FRANKLIN.

MADISON.

HAMILTON.

LAW.

JUSTICE.

THIRTEEN ORIGINAL STATES.

SCENE—*The Thirteen Original States, each bearing a name on a placard, should stand scattered on the stage, or in various parts of the room. They scowl at and turn away from each other, indicating disagreement. Columbia sits depressed and disconsolate in the corner. Freedom tries vainly to comfort her.*

COLUMBIA—No one, not even you, Freedom, is able to comfort me. Once I thought that when Freedom came, all troubles would vanish. For you my sons have fought and died, yet my troubles have increased daily. What can I do?

FREEDOM—These States of yours do not understand me. They do not value Freedom, or they confuse me with my enemy License. See, they all disagree and dispute.

MASSACHUSETTS—My people riot. They refuse to pay our war debt, the price of Freedom. They revolt against more taxes, and see an enemy in any honest man who refuses to listen to their unreason.

(New Jersey and New York appear to quarrel.)

NEW JERSEY *(to New York)*—What is Freedom for, if I cannot do as I please? You shall not force me to pay taxes on food I sell your people. You wish to ruin me.

NEW YORK *(to New Jersey)*—You shall not sell produce to my people without paying me for the privilege. It is plain that you would ruin me.

RHODE ISLAND—I will have nothing to do with any of you. I was independent before any of you were, and independent I'll stay.

(Others make menacing gestures at Rhode Island.)

COLUMBIA—I must call again on those who saved me through seven long years. Washington! Franklin! Madison! Hamilton! Come to my rescue!

(They appear.)

WASHINGTON—Madam, you called?

COLUMBIA—Sir, I am distracted. Nothing but ruin can follow these quarrels between the States; their bitterness grows daily. Neither Freedom nor myself can see a remedy.

WASHINGTON—Madam, we will confer on this grievous situation.

(The statesmen confer; they seem to come to an agreement. Madison and Hamilton go out. They return with Law and Justice. A second conference is held.)

WASHINGTON—Madam, we have brought to your aid the two sisters of Freedom,—Law and Justice. Through them and this Constitution, which we have written to guard Freedom, Law and Justice, and guarantee the rights of every individual, all your unruly States will be brought together in bonds of union and good friendship.

Law and Justice unroll a long white band, bearing on it in widely spaced letters: A CONSTITUTION.

Escorted by Madison and Hamilton—because through the writings of Madison and Hamilton in "The Federalist" the States were induced to accept the Constitution—they approach the States.

The States, taking hold in the following order, are soon ranged in line across the stage, each holding to the band displayed in front, so that spectators can read the legend:

Delaware.....	on December 7, 1787
Pennsylvania.....	on December 12, 1787
New Jersey.....	on December 18, 1787
Georgia	on January 2, 1788
Connecticut	on January 9, 1788
Massachusetts	on February 6, 1788
Maryland	on April 18, 1788

South Carolina	on May 23, 1788
New Hampshire.....	on June 21, 1788
Virginia.....	on June 26, 1788
New York	on July 26, 1788
North Carolina.....	on November 21, 1789
Rhode Island.....	on May 29, 1790

In unison they all recite the preamble to the Constitution, "We the people of the United States," etc.

The entire school should also recite in unison the pledge to support the Constitution of the United States:

"We do solemnly promise to support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic, and to bear true faith and allegiance to the Constitution and the United States of America."

—*Etta V. Leighton.*

The Toys' Celebration

CHARACTERS

SANTA CLAUS

Toys: JACK-IN-THE-BOX, MECHANICAL FROG, MECHANICAL RABBIT, TOY SOLDIERS (2 or 4), TALKING DOLL, DANCING DOLL, DINA DOLL, RED CROSS DOLL, PRINCE, CLOWN.
FAIRY.

Children: RUTH, BETTY.

COSTUMES

Simple costumes to correspond to those worn by toys which they represent. Jack-in-the-Box has a box covered with paper, having a thin pasteboard cover which will lift easily when he jumps up. Dina has a mixing bowl on her arm.

SCENE—Living room, in which is a Christmas tree, decorated, with games and books scattered about. Curtain rises to show Santa Claus on stage viewing the tree and toys he has left. Children representing toys ranged about stage, standing perfectly rigid.

SANTA CLAUS—Well, I certainly think this tree and all these toys ought to satisfy the children who live here. They have been very good children and deserve something pretty nice. (*Passing along and talking to each in turn*)—Tin Soldiers, stand up straight, hold your guns just so, and be sure not to hurt the children. Red Cross Nurse, you must take very good care of these soldiers if any of them get wounded. Of course we hope they won't, but you never can tell what will happen when they belong to two children. Dancing Doll, I know you will dance beautifully, with the Prince maybe, but be sure you don't fall down. Remember that your head is made of china. My, how nicely you are dressed, Prince. You certainly are a handsome doll. Dina, be sure to cook your nicest pancakes while you live in this family. Poor little Bunny, don't

be frightened, the children will not hurt you. And Frog, you must be very careful about jumping too high or too far. You must not croak too loudly either. Clown, you must be a very funny clown; do all the funny tricks you know, and keep the children laughing. (*Picks up his pack, starts to leave.*)—Well, good-by, toys, I hope you will be happy in your new home.

(*Exit Santa Claus. Enter Fairy. Skips about, looking at toys.*)

FAIRY—Poor little toys! You have to keep so dreadfully still! Oh! I know what I'll do, I'll change you into real live people, just for Christmas Eve. (*Waves wand.*) Be changed into real people. (*Toys come to life.*)

DANCING DOLL (*dancing about the stage*)—Oh, I'm so tired of standing! Isn't it wonderful to be able to move around like this?

(*Toys all move about and all talk at the same time.*—Well, I should say so! It certainly is a relief! etc. etc.—Jack, inside of the box, knocks.)

TOYS—Hush! What is that? (*Jack knocks again.*)

PRINCE—Whatever do you suppose it is? Someone must be in that box! (*More knocks heard.*)

JACK—Hurry up! Let me out, let me out!

DANCING DOLL (*to Talking Doll*)—You let him out.

TALKING DOLL—No! I don't dare. You let him out, Nurse.

NURSE—Oh, no, I'm afraid; Dina, you let him out.

DINA—Land o' goodness, I's not 'fraid. 'Course I'll let him out. (*Lifts catch on box. Jack jumps up.*)

JACK—Well, it's about time you let me out.

SOLDIER (*pointing his gun*)—Who are you?

JACK—Why, I'm Jack-in-the-Box; don't you know me? I certainly am glad to get out of that horrid old box. Now what shall we do to have a good time? (*Climbs out of box.*)

CLOWN—Let's tell stories.

SOLDIER—Oh, no, let's have rifle practice.

JACK—That's not as much fun as jumping. Let's see who can jump the highest.

FROG—That's the very thing. I know I can beat you.

PRINCE—Why can't we dance?

DANCING DOLL—Oh, I just adore dancing! Do let's have a dance.

2ND SOLDIER—Now everyone stop talking and I'll tell you my plan. We will have an entertainment and then we can all do what we wish.

TOYS (*clapping hands*)—Yes, yes, that's the very thing.

TALKING DOLL—Yes, and I'll take charge of the entertainment. Everyone sit down on the floor. (*Toys form a semicircle, Talking Doll in center. She speaks to Clown.*) Clown, you wanted us to tell stories. Do you know one to tell?

CLOWN—Yes, I know one. It is a true story, too, because it happened in the circus that I belonged to, a long time ago. Shall I tell it?

TOYS—Yes, yes, that will be fine. (*Clown recites poem "The Brave Buffalo," or any other poem about the circus.*)

TOYS (*clapping hands*)—Fine! That's great!

TALKING DOLL—Now Prince, it is your turn. You wanted to dance, didn't you?

PRINCE—I'd love to dance, if the Dancing Doll will dance with me.

DANCING DOLL—I'd just love to.

(*Prince and Dancing Doll dance some simple, easy dance, as a few polka steps.*)

TOYS (*clapping*)—Wonderful!

DINA—If I's could only dance like dat!

TALKING DOLL—Well, who will be next?

FROG—I'll sing you a song about my brother, if you want me to.

TALKING DOLL—Oh, we heard you sing that so much while we were in the Toy Shop that we all know it. Let's all sing it.

FROG—That will be much more fun. (*All sing "A Frog He Would A-wooing Go."*)

TIN SOLDIER—Now that we have sung about your brother, I think you should sing about my brother.

TOYS—Why, we don't know about him.

DANCING DOLL—Oh, I do, because it was about my sister too. We will sing it to you.

(*Tin Soldier and Dancing Doll sing "The Tin Soldier."*)

TOYS (*clapping*)—That—

FAIRY—Hush! Hush! I hear someone coming. Go back to your places. (*Toys all go back to former places quickly. Jack drags his box to center of stage and gets in.*)

JACK (*whining*)—I don't want to get back into that horrid old box.

FAIRY (*touching his head*)—I change you into a Jack-in-the-Box. (*Jack slowly sinks down; Fairy fastens cover.*)

FAIRY (*waving wand over other toys*)—Be changed into toys. (*Toys all stiffen into former position. Exit Fairy, right.*)

BETTY (*off stage, left*)—I thought I heard a noise. (*Entering and looking about*)—Oh! It must have been Santa Claus. Ruth! Ruth! Come here quick! (*Ruth runs in.*) Oh, Ruth, just look, Santa Claus has been here!

RUTH—Oh! Did you ever see so many toys! (*Runs to Dancing Doll*) Just look at this lovely Dancing Doll. Isn't she beautiful! (*Fluffs out her skirt, lifts her arms.*)

BETTY—Yes, isn't she lovely! (*Turns to Prince.*) And here is a Prince. Don't they look bee-utiful together? I wonder if he will bow. (*Bends Prince down and up again. Prince bends stiffly by jerks.*) Isn't he great!

RUTH—Oh, but Betty, just look here. Here is a Dina Doll, just what we have always wanted. I wonder if she will stir with that spoon. (*Looks on back.*) Yes, here's something to wind up by. (*Winds. Dina jerks the spoon back and forth in the dish a few times.*)

BETTY (*clapping hands*)—Isn't she fun! I just love her. (*Looks about.*) I wonder if any of the other dolls can be wound up. (*Looks at Talking Doll, runs to her.*) I think this one speaks. (*Puts hand on back of Doll.*)

TALKING DOLL—Ma—ma.

BETTY—Oh, just listen! See, Ruth, press her right here on the back. (*Ruth makes her talk.*)

RUTH—I wonder if she says "papa." (*Presses front of Doll.*)

DOLL—Pa—pa.

RUTH—Isn't she great! (*Has Doll talk several times. Turns to Frog.*) But look, Betty, just see this Frog. Isn't he a big one? Here is something to wind him up by. (*Winds Frog, who then hops across the stage. Girls follow, clapping their hands.*)

BETTY—Now we must get him back. (*They turn him around, wind him up, and Frog hops back.*)

RUTH—Let's have the Rabbit race with him. (*Looks on Rabbit's back.*) Yes, here is something to wind.

BETTY—You look out for the Rabbit and I'll look out for the Frog. All ready; go! (*Rabbit and Frog jump across stage, are wound again and return to place.*)

RUTH—Wasn't that fun! (*Looks at Box.*) But what do you suppose is in that immense box?

BETTY—I don't know. I'll look. (*Unfastens clasp. Jack jumps up. Children jump up and down laughing.*) I'm going to try it again. (*They let him jump several times. Bell rings off stage.*)

RUTH—Oh, dear, there's the breakfast bell. I'm not going. (*Sits down by tree.*) I'm going to look at these books, instead.

BETTY—I don't want any breakfast, either. I'll stay and read with you. (*Sits down and starts to look at books. Voice heard off stage.*) Ruth, Betty, come to breakfast!

RUTH (*rising and going towards door*)—Oh, bother, I suppose we must go. Come on, Betty.

BETTY (*following*)—Oh, all right, but I'm going to take this book anyway.

(*Children walk slowly from stage.*)

NOTE—"The Brave Buffalo" may be found in "The Owl and The Bobolink," by Emma C. Dowd, published by Houghton Mifflin Company. "The Tin Soldier" is found in "Songs of School and Flag," Macmillan Company; "A Frog He Would a Wooing Go," in "Rounds, Carols and Songs," Oliver S. Ditson Company, Boston, Mass.

—E. C. Tulip.

The First Flag

CHARACTERS

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

ROBERT MORRIS.

BETSY ROSS.

ACT I

SCENE—A living room. George Washington and Robert Morris sitting at table, Washington working busily with pencil and paper, Morris in deep thought.

MORRIS (*looking up*)—This is a hard task we have to perform, General. I can not think of a flag which is not like some other flag. I hope you have had better success. I see you have a plan there. Please let me see it.

WASHINGTON—Yes, I have a plan. How will this do? This oblong is made up of thirteen stripes, one stripe for each state in the Union, so that we shall never forget the thirteen original colonies that fought so bravely for freedom. And here in the upper left-hand corner is a plain field with one star for each state, but with room to add more stars as our country grows larger.

MORRIS—Splendid; splendid!

WASHINGTON—But what colors shall we use? The colors must mean something worthy of our beautiful country and the white means "Be pure"; the blue means "Be true." These much to secure.

MORRIS—Yes, I have been thinking about that. (*Meditates.*) How will *red, white, and blue* do? The red means "Be brave"; the white means "Be pure"; the blue means "Be true." These are things we all should strive for. Let me show you how it will look. (*Takes the plan and colors it.*)

WASHINGTON—How beautiful! That will be a flag to be proud of. But whom shall we get to make it for us?

MORRIS—I know of a good dame, Mistress Betsy Ross, who is a fine milliner and makes bonnets for the Quaker ladies of

Philadelphia. But I have heard that she is also a careful seamstress.

WASHINGTON—Let us go at once to see her.

(They pick up hats and plans and exit.)

ACT II

SCENE—Home of Betsy Ross. Betsy sits rocking and sewing, humming "Yankee Doodle" or some other tune of Revolutionary times.

BETSY *(talking to herself)*—How I wish I could do something for my country! I have given as much as I could and I have mended and sewed for the soldiers, but it seems so little.

(A knock is heard. Betsy rises, straightens cap and apron, and goes to door.)

WASHINGTON—Is this Mistress Betsy Ross?

BETSY *(making a deep curtsy)*—It is. Come in. What can I do for you, General Washington?

WASHINGTON—We want someone to make a flag for our country, a flag of our very own. My friend, Robert Morris, tells me that you are a good seamstress. *(Betsy curtsies and Robert Morris bows.)* Do you think you can make a flag like this? *(Shows the colored plan.)*

BETSY—Oh, how beautiful! Please let me try. I will do my very best. I want so much to do something for my country.

WASHINGTON—I am sure you can do it.

BETSY *(inspecting plan)*—But why are the stars six-pointed? The stars in the sky have only five points.

WASHINGTON—I do not know how to make a five-pointed star.

BETSY—Let me show you. *(Steps to her sewing basket, picks up her scissors and a scrap of white paper and cuts a five-pointed star.)* See!

WASHINGTON—Well, that is better. You may make the stars five-pointed.

BETSY—But I have nothing out of which to make the flag. Let me see—red—white—and blue.

WASHINGTON—I have a blue army coat. Could you use that for the field?

MORRIS—And I will give my best white shirt for the stars and stripes of white. But what can we use for the red stripes?

BETSY—Oh, I know! I have a red flannel petticoat! That will do nicely. Please send me the coat and shirt at once so I can go right to work. I will try to have it done by to-morrow.

WASHINGTON—We will come for it to-morrow. Good afternoon, Mistress Ross. (*Washington and Morris bow.*)

BETSY (*curtsying*)—Good afternoon, General Washington. Good afternoon, Mr. Morris. (*Washington and Morris exit right. Betsy picks up work and exits left.*)

ACT III

SCENE—*Home of Betsy Ross. Betsy enters the room, carrying the finished flag, which should have thirteen stars in a circle. She lays it on the table, looks at it admiringly, and handles it lovingly.*

BETSY (*talking to herself*)—It is all done. How beautiful it is! I hope General Washington will be pleased. (*Hears knocks and goes to door. Enter Washington and Morris. Salutations.*)

BETSY—Come in. See, the flag is done! How do you like it?

WASHINGTON—That is a flag to be proud of, and your country will be proud of you, Mistress Ross.

(*Betsy hands flag to Washington and Morris. They hold it up and the school rise and salute the flag, preferably singing the salute.*)

—Mary G. Reed.

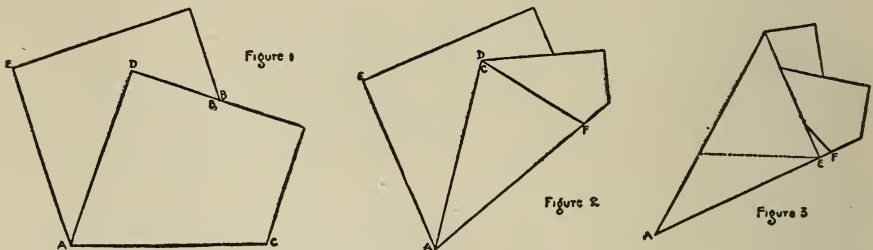


Diagram Showing How to Cut a Five-Pointed Star

Fold a piece of paper six inches square exactly through the middle. This makes a rectangle 6x3 inches. Measure down three inches on the fold; mark this point A. Measure down one and one-half inches from the upper right-hand corner (B). Measure one and one-half inches on the lower edge; mark this B also. Make a second fold from point A until point B on the lower edge rests exactly on the other point B (Fig. 1). Fold edge A-C to A-D (Fig. 2). Fold edge A-E to fold A-F (Fig. 3). Measure one and one-half inches from A on upper fold, cut from this point to point E (Fig. 3). Unfold and you have a five-pointed star.

Santa's Helpers

CHARACTERS

Brownies: RED COAT, BLUE COAT, YELLOW COAT, GREEN COAT.
Toys: TRAIN, TALKING DOLL, DANCING DOLL, SINGING DOLL,
 WALKING DOLL.

Tin Soldiers: HUMPTY DUMPTY CLOWNS, JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

COSTUMES AND DIRECTIONS

BROWNIES—Brownie suits with colored coats and caps.

TRAIN—Four or more children with left hand on left shoulder of child in front; move right arm round and round to represent wheel; move feet slowly, "choo-chooing" all the time.

DOLLS—Light dresses. All movements are stiff.

CLOWNS and JACK—Clown suits. Movements are stiff.

SOLDIERS—Red or blue suits; toy guns. All movements are stiff.

SCENE—Room in Santa's workshop.

BROWNIES (*singing to tune, "The Mulberry Bush"*)—

Oh, we are Santa's helpers,
 Helpers, helpers;
 Oh, we are Santa's helpers,
 Tra, la, la, la, la, la.

And now the toys are ready,
 Ready, ready;
 And now the toys are ready,
 Tra, la, la, la, la, la.

(*Very low bow.*)

RED COAT—These are the last and now they are ready to be taken to the little boys and girls.

BLUE COAT—Dear Santa is waiting. We must hurry and take them to him.

YELLOW COAT—Yes, he is 'most ready to start on his long journey.

GREEN COAT—I don't know where he is going to put these toys. His pack is overflowing, his sleigh is piled high.

RED COAT—He'll find a place, never fear.

BLUE COAT—Don't you think we had better try them, to be sure they all work right?

YELLOW COAT—That is a good idea and a jolly one, too! I'll wind the train and see if it will run.

(Goes to train and winds. Train "choo-choos" across stage.)

GREEN COAT—That is all right. Take it to dear Santa.

(Exit Yellow Coat with Train.)

RED COAT—Now let's look at the dolls. Aren't they pretty? There will surely be some happy little girls in the world when Christmas morning dawns.

BLUE COAT *(going up to Talking Doll)*—This doll can talk. Now, listen. *(Pulls string three times. Doll says "mamma," "papa," and "boo, boo," respectively.)*

(Enter Yellow Coat.)

YELLOW COAT—I didn't hear her, Blue Coat. Make her talk again. *(Blue Coat repeats. Brownies laugh.)*

GREEN COAT *(going up to Dancing Doll)*—Here is a dancing doll. I'll wind her up. *(Winds doll. Doll raises arms, dances very stiffly about stage. Brownies laugh and clap hands.)*

RED COAT—Listen to this dolly sing! *(Goes to another doll, winds her up. Doll takes two or three steps forward, bows stiffly and sings:)*

SINGING DOLL *(to tune, "The Mulberry Bush")*—

I am a pretty dolly,

Dolly, dolly;

I am a pretty dolly,

Tra, la, la, la, la, la.

(Bows and returns to place. Brownies clap.)

BLUE COAT—Isn't that fine? Whoever heard of such a wonderful doll? *(Winds up Walking Doll. Doll walks very stiffly across stage. Blue Coat winds again and doll returns to place.)*

YELLOW COAT—Make her walk some more, Blue Coat.

(Blue Coat repeats.)

GREEN COAT—They are wonderful dolls! I'll take them to Santa. How happy the little girls will be! *(Takes dolls out. Dolls walk very stiffly. Brownies watch. Green Coat returns.)*

RED COAT *(turning to soldiers)*—These other toys are for boys. Let's look at them. Here are the tin soldiers. Watch them march.

(*Brownies sing and clap. Soldiers march. If children do not know a marching song, a march may be played on the piano, the Brownies clapping and keeping time with feet while soldiers march. The author used the following words to the tune "This is the way we march" in "First Year Music" by Hollis Dann.*)

This is the way we march,
 This is the way we march,
 March, march, march, march,
 This is the way we march,
 March, march, march, march.

BLUE COAT—Santa will give those to some fine boy, I know. I hope he can sing that little song so that they will march for him.

(*Brownies repeat song. Blue Coat guides marching soldiers off stage. Blue Coat returns.*)

YELLOW COAT (*turning to Clowns*)—Here are two Humpty Dumpty clowns. They will make the boys and girls laugh.

GREEN COAT—Yes, and I suspect the papas and mammas will laugh, too.

(*The Clowns are jointed and two Brownies place them in many funny positions.*)

BLUE COAT—I'll take them to Santa. (*Takes Clowns out.*)

RED COAT—And here is Jack-in-the-Box. Don't get frightened! (*Opens box, Jack jumps up. Brownies act frightened, then laugh. Enter Blue Coat.*)

BLUE COAT—Do it again, Red Coat. (*Red Coat repeats. Brownies laugh and clap. They then step back by box, two on each side. Jack is standing.*)

BROWNIES (*singing to tune, "The Mulberry Bush"*)—

We'll take him to dear Santa,
 Santa, Santa;
 We'll take him to dear Santa,
 Tra, la, la, la, la, la.

We wish a Merry Christmas,
 Christmas, Christmas,
 We wish a Merry Christmas
 To every girl and boy.

—Zelia Cornell Wiley.

The Garden of Flowers

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

FATHER SUN—Dressed in yellow.

FATHER SUN'S FAIRY—Dressed in white, carrying a wand.

JACK FROST—White robe, trimmed in tinsel.

JACK FROST'S FAIRY—White dress, trimmed in tinsel.

GARDENER—An apron and sun hat; carries a hoe.

VIOLET—Purple dress, and crown of violets.

BUTTERCUP—Yellow dress and buttercup hat.

FORGET-ME-NOT—Light blue dress and wreath of forget-me-nots.

DAISY—White dress and wreath of daisies.

PANSY—Purple dress and wreath of pansies.

NASTURTIUM—Orange dress and nasturtium hat.

SNOWDROP—White dress and wreath of snowdrops.

SWEET PEA—Pink dress and wreath of sweet peas.

ROSE—White dress and wreath of white roses.

(All the parts are to be taken by girls except Father Sun and Jack Frost. The Gardener may also be a boy if desired.)

ACT I

SCENE I

SCENE—The home of Jack Frost. When curtain rises Jack Frost is seen seated in a big easy-chair.

TIME—7 o'clock on an evening of early spring.

JACK FROST (*to himself*)—

I am Jack Frost, the brave and bold,
 When winter comes I make things cold;
 The flowers all are pretty and bright,
 But ho for a cold and freezing night!
 When I sprinkle frost all around,
 Then the flowers bend to the ground;
 When the Sun comes out and makes me quiver,

To the North I'll go in my old "flivver."

(Enter Jack Frost's Fairy.)

FAIRY—What are your plans for to-night?

JACK FROST—I am going to kill the Flowers to-night about twelve o'clock. Some of them are blooming, and to-morrow the old Sun will have others growing.

FAIRY—We must work hard and kill them.

JACK FROST—How much frost have we on hand?

FAIRY—About two bags full.

JACK FROST—Only two bags full! We must have at least six bags full. Go into the other room and manufacture some.

FAIRY—All right, I will make it now. *(She goes into the other room.)*

JACK FROST—I suppose that horrid old Sun has been working hard to-day. I shall have to get busy myself to-night, and he will have to begin all over again.

(Re-enter Fairy.)

FAIRY—The frost is made.

JACK FROST—Good! Get it and come on. We have just time to get to the Garden of Flowers to begin our work.

(They go out.)

SCENE II

SCENE—The home of Father Sun.

TIME—9 o'clock the same evening.

(Enter Father Sun and his Fairy.)

FATHER SUN—Well, we had a hard day's work to-day, didn't we?

FAIRY—Yes, indeed!

FATHER SUN—We opened a few Flowers and I think if we can keep Jack Frost away that we shall be able to open all the Flowers in a few days.

FAIRY—That's good! I will do my best.

FATHER SUN—I know you will be faithful, Fairy. You had better get to bed early, for I am afraid Jack Frost will be out to-night. If he is, we shall need a great deal of sleep to do our work well.

FAIRY *(as they go out)*—Do not worry; we shall outdo Jack Frost.

ACT II

SCENE I

SCENE—*The Garden of Flowers, the various Flowers lying asleep.*

TIME—*Midnight the same night.*

(Enter Jack Frost and his Fairy.)

JACK FROST—Well, I declare, that horrid old Sun did work yesterday. I suppose he thinks that he is going to open all the Flowers. Ha! Ha! Ha! How silly of him. Come, let's get to work and kill these meek things before the Sun comes out and ruins us.

FAIRY—Do you think the Sun can open these Flowers after we have finished with them?

JACK FROST—Why, of course not, but you had better go over and sprinkle some frost on those Violets and Buttercups. They are always the first to open.

(Fairy goes over to Violets and Buttercups.)

FAIRY—Come and see what that old Sun has done.

JACK FROST—I can hardly believe my eyes, for these Violets are beginning to bud, and look! those Buttercups are nearly open. That Sun is always attending to some one else's business.

FAIRY—I shall put a thick layer of frost on them and the Sun will have a job to waken them.

JACK FROST—He worked so well yesterday that I am afraid this will be our last visit to the Garden of Flowers.

FAIRY—It is becoming very warm and it would be useless for us to stay any longer.

JACK FROST—We shall go to the North, where we shall be more comfortable. There the Sun will not bother us.

(They leave the Garden.)

SCENE II

SCENE—*The Garden of Flowers.*

TIME—*Early next morning.*

(Enter Gardener with hoe.)

GARDENER—Well, Jack Frost was here last night and tried to kill my flowers. I shall loosen the soil and I think with the help

of Father Sun that we can have the flowers blooming in a few days. (*She loosens the soil.*) Dear me! he has nearly killed these poor little Violets. He has also bruised the Buttercups. I wish Father Sun would help these flowers, for they want to bloom. Jack Frost has tried very hard to hurt them. Oh! here comes Father Sun now! (*Enter Father Sun and his Fairy.*) Good Morning, Father Sun, I am glad that you have come.

FATHER SUN—And I am glad to be here, dear Gardener. How did Jack Frost leave your Garden?

GARDENER—He has almost ruined my flowers, but I think we can cure them if we work together.

FATHER SUN—Why certainly we can. Do not worry about your Garden any longer. I saw Jack Frost leaving for the North this morning.

GARDENER—Good! Good! I shall go to work in my garden and in a short time the flowers will be in full bloom.

FATHER SUN—Oh, yes. I shall waken them very soon. (*To Fairy*)—Go over the Garden and shake the icy frost from the tender plants.

FLOWERS (*as Fairy goes around*)—Thank you, we are ready.

GARDENER—I can never repay you for your kind help.

(*Father Sun and Fairy leave Garden.*)

GARDENER (*to Flowers*)—

“Sweet flowers blooming, the air perfuming

Grow in my garden all bright and gay,

From Violet tender and Lily slender

Sweet incense rises the livelong day.”

SCENE III

SCENE—*The Garden of Flowers.*

TIME—*Early the next morning.*

(*Enter Father Sun and his Fairy.*)

FATHER SUN—The flowers everywhere are eager to awake. Give to all my greetings and bid them grow and bloom.

“Place Daisies on the hillside

And Lilies by the streams.

Put bright and fragrant blossoms

In my bright and golden beams.

“Place Pansies in the garden,
 Sweet Peas so bright and gay,
 And let them all awaken
 To greet the cheerful May.

“Place in the leafy forest
 The Violet’s blue-eyed throng,
 Where the birds in the branches
 Fill the air with merry song.

“Call Rosebuds half unfolding
 Their bright leaves to meet the day,
 And blossoms from the orchard
 To greet the gentle May.

“Wake Buttercups so dainty,
 That grow in meadows green
 Like threads of gold light flashing
 In the rich robe of a queen.

“Forget-me-nots wake also,
 Nasturtiums bright and gay,
 And let them all awaken
 To greet the cheerful May.”

FLOWERS—Ah, but we are very happy when you are here.

FAIRY (*touching Violet with wand*)—Wake, modest Violet,
 the first of Spring’s fair flowers.

VIOLET—

We are proud of you, dear Fairy good,
 And forever we shall be.

But for your quick work and tender care
 Old Jack Frost had murdered me.

FAIRY—And you, bright Buttercup, may arise and bloom.

BUTTERCUP—

My golden cup is filled with dew,
 A cool fresh sip I offer you.

FAIRY—Come, Snowdrop, and lift your smiling face.

SNOWDROP—

My tiny white bell,
 I’ll ring far and near

And gladly I'll tell
That Springtime is here.

FAIRY—Arise, fair Lily.

LILY—

I, the Lily, hold a loving cup,
To catch the sunbeams gold,
And give the bees sweet nectar sup
As other buds unfold.

FAIRY—Follow, sweet Pansy.

PANSY—

My velvet petals ope
To give you thanks and praise,
And also give you hope
Through all our happy days.

FAIRY—Raise your gay head, bright Nasturtium, and live.

NASTURTIUM—

I am the bright Nasturtium,
That climbs the garden wall,
To brighten early morning
For you, each one and all.

FAIRY—And you, dainty Forget-me-not, live and grow.

FORGET-ME-NOT—

I'll use my flowers blue and white
To dot the meadows cool and green,
So come and see a wondrous sight—
My blue and white I will not screen.

FAIRY—Awake, Sweet Pea, and show your gay colors.

SWEET PEA—

My bright, 'gay head
I'll raise to you,
In love and thanks
For kindness true.

FAIRY—Arise, lovely Rose.

ROSE—

I'll brighten the world around me,
So that no one can ever say
That I did not do my duty
When I lived in the garden clay.
Upon my entwining trellis
In the midst of my foliage fair,

I'll blossom and send sweet fragrance
Through the sun-kissed and balmy air.

FLOWERS TOGETHER (*sing to tune of "Maryland! My Maryland!"*)—

We thank you for the work you've done,
Father Sun, O Father Sun!
For we are happy to have won,
Father Sun, O Father Sun!
Our blooming now has just begun
And our brief life's not nearly run,
So that your work is not undone
Father Sun, O Father Sun!

The Gardener starts so very soon,
Father Sun, O Father Sun!
And she will work from dawn till noon,
Father Sun, O Father Sun!
For your kind aid we give our bloom
Your radiant light dispels our gloom;
Within each bud we'll give you room
Father Sun, O Father Sun!

You've started Jack Frost on the run,
Father Sun, O Father Sun!
His icy cover is not spun,
Father Sun, O Father Sun!
You've sent your Fairy kind and true,
To furnish us with warmth and dew,
For each of these we honor you,
Father Sun, O Father Sun!

(*To tune of "America"*)

Hail, glorious Father Sun,
We love thee, magic one,
Hail, hail, to thee.
We'll bloom to give you praise
Throughout our happy days,
For warmth in your bright rays,
All hail to thee!

We thank you for your wealth,
For life and food and health
Grateful are we.
You send your golden beams,
In bright and radiant streams,
To give us glowing gleams,
Hail, hail, to thee.

FATHER SUN—Thank you, dear Flowers, for your songs of praise. I am sure we shall all have a wonderful summer together. (*Bows to different flowers, as curtain falls.*)

NOTE: An original play written by the Sixth Grade of the State Normal Training School, Athens, Georgia (Magnolia Scoville, critic teacher; Bunice Adams, Senior teacher.)

The Circus Comes to Town

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

CHILD—Who calls animals.

ELEPHANT—Child dressed in gray, holding head down and with arms close together before him for trunk.

POLAR BEAR—Child in white, holding arms like bear's forelegs when he stands erect. Walks very clumsily.

HIPPOPOTAMUS—Child in black or dark gray.

RHINOCEROS—Child dressed to represent Hippopotamus, holding forefinger at forehead to represent horn.

ZEBRA—Child in dress having perpendicular stripes of black and white alternating.

TIGER—Child in dress of black and orange horizontal stripes.

LEOPARD—Child in tan and black spotted dress.

PONIES—Four children in white, who prance, raising knees very high, and tossing heads.

REINDEER—Boy in brown, holding outspread fingers to head to represent horns.

GIRAFFE—Boy in brown with black spots, holding head very high.

SEALS—Two small children in shiny gray or brown.

LION—Child in tan, long hair representing mane.

BROWN BEAR—Small child in brown, walking like Polar Bear.

KANGAROO—Child in black or gray who hops, holding arms up close to body.

MONKEYS—Two small boys in brown, holding arms down to floor, and stooping over.

OSTRICH—Tall child in white, walking very erect.

HYENAS—Two children dressed in brown with gray stripes.

CAMEL—Child in dark gray.

CLOWNS—Two boys in clown suits.

TIGHT-ROPE WALKERS—Four small girls in fluffy white dresses, very short ruffled skirts, carrying bright colored parasols.

The costumes may be elaborate if desired but the play can be given successfully without any attempt at costuming.

After entering and speaking, the animals range themselves in a row across stage or front of room, not necessarily in order of entrance, but as they wish.

The music of the circus band may be furnished by a phonograph which is out of sight. Any bright march will do.

CHILD—

A circus has come to town to-day,
 The biggest show on earth!
 The animals are wonderful—
 The clowns are full of mirth.
 I'd like to give you all a pass
 So you could see the show,
 But I know you're very busy now,
 And haven't time to go,
 So I've asked the animals to come
 And talk to you to-day—
 They'll tell you all about their homes,
 So very far away.
 The clowns and tight-rope walkers, too,
 May visit you a while,
 And I'm sure their funny antics
 Will cause you all to smile.

I'll call them now. (*She turns to entrance from which animals are to appear.*)—Come!

ELEPHANT (*entering*)—

I'm an Elephant—Lord of the Jungle when home—
 My tusks are of ivory white.
 Men hunt us for this and put us to work,
 Which I'm sure you'll agree is not right.
 The most wonderful thing about me is my trunk,
 Which is better than two hands or three;
 I'm so useful in managing people's affairs
 No circus could live without me.

(*Enter Polar Bear. He weeps. All through rest of play he wipes his brow and fans himself, making it plain that he is suffering from heat.*)

POLAR BEAR—

Good morning, my friends. I'm a sad Polar Bear,

And I long for the North, far away,
 Where I sat on an ice floe and ate little seals,
 And watched the young Eskimos play.
 I was never stared at until I came here,
 Such rudeness I never had known;
 But in front of my cage they stand now all day long—
 I wish they would leave me alone!

(Enter Hippopotamus. She yawns as she enters and continues to yawn and stretch throughout the play, pretending to fall asleep several times.)

HIPPOTAMUS—

I'm a broad Hippopotamus, sleepy and tired (*yawns*);
 Excuse me while I take a nap.
 In Africa, really, I slept all the time—
 In—the—w-a-t-e-r. (*Yawns and nods head.*)
(Enter Rhinoceros.)

ELEPHANT—Hello, Rhinoceros.

RHINOCEROS—

I look like the broad Hippopotamus, too,
 But I have a horn on my head.
 I'm a neighbor of hers, though I'm smarter by far,
 And I have a bad temper, 'tis said.
(Enter Zebra.)

ZEBRA—

I'm a fashionable Zebra, with black and white stripes,
 To ponies and horses relation.
 I live in the mountains of South Africa,
 And can kick, to my foes' consternation.
(A growling is heard.)

RHINOCEROS—Here comes the Tiger.

(Enter Tiger.)

TIGER—

I'm a beast of the jungle, from India, far,
 Your pet Pussy Cat is my cousin;
 My coat is a beautiful orange and black,
 There are pictures of me by the dozen.
 A Tiger skin rug is a beautiful thing—
 So most of my family's departed—
 But I frightened the hunter with terrible growls,
 Though really I'm very warm-hearted. (*Growls.*)

POLAR BEAR—Oh, dear, I'm so hot! I wish I had a cake of ice.

(Enter Leopard.)

LEOPARD—

I'm a Leopard, I live where it always is hot,
And I sit like a cat in a tree;
People all say that I can't change my spots,
And it makes me as cross as can be.

(Enter Ponies.)

1ST PONY—

We're jolly trick Ponies, as gay as can be.
The things we can do are amazing—

2ND PONY—

We foxtrot or waltz—we two-step or jig,
While folks in amazement are gazing.

3RD PONY—

We prance and we dance, and we kick up our heels,
Because we're so glad we are living.

4TH PONY—

The children all greet us with gurgles of glee
And we share in the joy we are giving.

(Enter Reindeer.)

REINDEER—

We Reindeer are useful for clothing and food
'Way up North where the freezing winds blow,
And they drive us like horses with bells on our necks,
Over beautiful, beautiful snow.

(Polar Bear—U-m-m-m-m.)

We eat the gray moss and it makes us so strong
We can run many miles in a day,
And that's why old Santa Claus uses my friends
When he drives in his Christmas Eve sleigh.

POLAR BEAR—Be still! You make me homesick.

(Enter Giraffe.)

GIRAFFE—

Like the Leopard, I'm spotted. My name is Giraffe.
My neck is so lovely and long
That to walk in a crowd doesn't bother at all,
I can look right over the throng.

THE SEALS *(entering)*—We are the Seals.

1ST SEAL—

We live in the water and sometimes on land,
 'Way up where Northern Lights glow;
 We are food, light, and clothing, and goodness knows what
 For little brown Eskimo.

2ND SEAL—

Our fur coats are pretty and keep us quite warm
 When we sit on the ice and eat fish;
 How I'd like to be breathing through holes in the ice,—
 Yes, that's what we both of us wish.

POLAR BEAR—Dear little Seals, come sit by me.

SEALS—No, thank you. You might be hungry.

(Enter Lion, roaring.)

LION—

I am a Lion—the King of the Beasts,
 I hunt in the desert at night;
 And I roar and I roar in a terrible voice,—
 If you heard me 'twould give you a fright.
 I'm brave and I'm strong, and some day I'll get loose,
 And eat everybody I see,
 For I never was meant to be stared at by men,—
 A circus is no place for me. *(Roars.)*

(Enter Brown Bear.)

BROWN BEAR—

I'm a gentle Brown Bear. In the mountains I live,
 And I sleep all the long winter through;
 I'm a very affectionate Bear, for I hug
 Everybody I can—yes, I do.

POLAR BEAR—Hello, Cousin.

(Enter Kangaroo.)

I'm a cute Kangaroo with a hippity-hop,
 I can leap fifteen feet in the air.
 I can hug like a bear and I hate dogs and men,
 So, people, you'd better beware.

MONKEYS *(entering)*—We are the Monkeys.

1ST MONKEY—

We're popular, too,—
 We're as funny as funny can be,
 But we long for the days in our old jungle home
 When we hung by our tails from a tree.

2ND MONKEY—

“My, they look almost human,” the people all say,
 And that makes us chatter with rage;
 Who *wants* to look *human*? Why say things like that,
 Because we’re shut up in a cage?

(*Enter Ostrich.*)

OSTRICH—

I’m a stately young Ostrich, almost eight feet tall,
 And I live on the nice burning sand;
 I have beautiful feathers on the end of my wings,—
 I’m so tame I will eat from your hand.
 I kick very hard and I run very fast,
 My digestion’s a wonderful thing—
 For dessert I like stones, glass, or rusty old nails,
 And I once ate a whole circus ring!

(*Enter Hyenas, laughing.*)

HYENAS—

We’re the Laughing Hyenas. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
 There’s no one laughs louder than we.
 But we long all the time for our African home.

When we laugh ’tis with sorrow, not glee. (*Both laugh.*)

ALL ANIMALS (*as Camel enters*)—Hello, Camel!

CAMEL—

I’ve a hump on my back and my feet are all big—
 And folks don’t admire me, I know;
 But when I’m at home in the desert so hot
 I’m respected wherever I go.
 Without me a caravan couldn’t exist,—
 I’m the Ship of the Desert, you see,
 And I carry my own drinking water along—
 Which is really quite clever of me.

POLAR BEAR—Dear me, I’m so hot!

(*Enter Clowns.*)

1ST CLOWN—

We’re the Clowns of the circus. You’ll pardon me, friends,
 If I take off my smile for a rest—

(*Wipes off smile and puts it in pocket.*)

For it’s hard to be funny when really you’re cross,
 And to answer with joke and with jest.

2ND CLOWN—

I grow sadder and sadder with each passing hour
 As the horrible circus time nears;
 I've been wanting to weep for 'most seven weeks—
 So allow me to shed a few tears.

(*Both weep and wail.*)

(*Enter Tight-Rope Walkers.*)

TIGHT-ROPE WALKERS—

An imaginary tight rope we'd walk for you now
 But there's no band, our music to play,
 And without soft, sweet strains—why, it just can't be done,
 So you'll have to excuse us to-day.

1ST T-R. W.—After we brought our parasols, and everything!

BROWN BEAR—We'll all hum for you.

2ND T-R. W.—That's lovely. Give us "Comin' Through the Rye," please.

3RD T-R. W.—We've walked wires to that tune for thirteen years.

PONIES—Who'll start it?

4TH T-R. W.—Let the Seals start it. They sing beautifully.

(*Seals clear throats, cough. All hum "Comin' Through the Rye." Tight-Rope Walkers walk an imaginary wire, raising their parasols and swaying back and forth to the music. Animals applaud.*)

HIPPOTAMUS—I'd like to do that.

ELEPHANT—You'd need a cable—not a wire.

CAMEL—You're not very fairy-like, yourself.

POLAR BEAR—Don't quarrel. It makes me hot to listen to you. Do be calm.

GIRAFFE (*nudging sleeping Hippopotamus*)—Wake up! Wake up, you sleepy-head!

CHILD—Aren't you animals going to do your tricks for these people?

ALL—No! We can, but we won't!

ELEPHANT—It's silly to do tricks!

CAMEL—I know more than the man who teaches me tricks.

MONKEYS—People are queer. I'm glad we're Monkeys.

CAMEL—I'd like to take them all out in a desert and lose them. They couldn't smell water as I can.

LION—Some day I'll get loose.

TIGER—Let's not go back.

CHILD—Oh you must!

ALL—No. No. We won't!

POLAR BEAR—I won't be stared at. It's too hot.

PONIES—We can't dance any more. Our front shoes are too tight.

LEOPARD—I won't go back! A woman tried to count my spots yesterday.

ZEBRA—They try to count my stripes, but it hurts their eyes.

HYENAS—We just laugh at them. Ha! Ha!

HIPPOTAMUS—I'm so sleepy. I'll never keep awake. Let's not go back.

ALL—No. We won't go back.

CHILD—Think how disappointed the little children will be.

ALL (*regretfully*)—Oh-h-h!

CHILD—They'll cry!

ALL—Oh-h-h-h!

ELEPHANT—They always bring me peanuts. I'd like some peanuts now.

(*Music is heard faintly, growing louder.*)

CHILD—Hark! (*They all listen*)—The circus band is playing. It's time for the parade.

TIGER—The show must go on.

(*Animals face about in line and mark time.*)

ELEPHANT (*sadly*)—Come on. We'll have to go.

ALL—Good-by, folks.

(*They march around room or off stage, lion and tiger roaring.*)

(*Curtain.*)

—E. E. Preston.

A May Day Play

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

MAY.

VIOLET.

BUTTERCUP.

DANDELION.

MOTHER.

PRIMROSE.

DAISY.

WINDFLOWER.

May is dressed in white. The Flower Fairies are in yellow and white crepe paper and carry wild flowers.

SCENE—An ordinary room. May is discovered seated in center of room, with open book.

MAY—Oh, how I wish there were really fairies, and that I might be a queen! I wish I was going to be a Queen of the May just like the little girl in this story. (*Reads first verse of Tennyson's "May Queen."*)

(*Enter Mother.*)

MOTHER—What were you saying, May?

MAY—I was just reading, Mother. Isn't this pretty? (*Reads second verse of "May Queen."*)

MOTHER—Yes, but it is your bedtime now, dear, so stop reading:

MAY—Oh, please, just a little longer.

MOTHER—Very well, just a few minutes. (*Goes out.*)

(*May reads third verse aloud, then lays head back sleepily, saying, "I'm so tired." Closes eyes and falls asleep.*)

(*Enter Flower Fairies, singing "Days of Spring." On the first verse they skip in single file, scattering flowers around the chair in which May sits. On the second verse they join hands in circle and glide around while singing. On the beginning of the third verse they drop hands and form semi-circle back of May's chair, swaying in time to the music.*)

ALL—

Whom shall we crown Queen of the May?

None of the flowers is willing to say.

DAISY—

I thought the Rose should be our queen,
But she is nowhere to be seen.

DANDELION—

I say the Buttercup we own,
With her pretty golden crown.

BUTTERCUP—

I think the Daisy'd be just right,
With her crown of gold and white.

PRIMROSE—

The Dandelion would be fair,
With her pretty yellow hair.

WINDFLOWER—

I think the Violet should have the bower,
She's such a modest little flower.

VIOLET (*spying May*)—

Here's a pretty little girl!
See how glossy is her curl.
She's the prettiest I have seen,
Let us crown her for our queen.

ALL—

Yes, let us put all strife away,
She shall be our Queen of May.

(*Violet places crown on May's head. All kneel and with hands upraised sing the first verse of "May Song," at the conclusion of which May jumps up, feeling the crown on her head.*)

MAY—Oh, am I to be Queen of the May, am I to be Queen of the May?

(*Stands on chair and sings second verse of "May Song." Then the Flowers join hands and sing "The Flower Queen" to the tune of "The Birdies' Ball."*)

THE FLOWER QUEEN

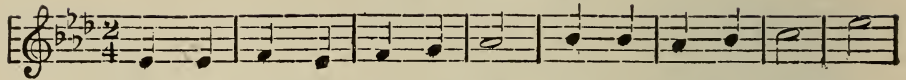
I

Spring once said to the flowers gay,
Whom do you choose as Queen of May?
Pray now ask the flowers all,
Flowers and flow'rets, great and small.

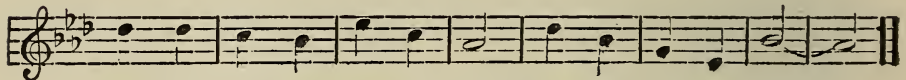
CHORUS—

Tra la la la la la, tra la la la la, la, etc.

Days of Spring

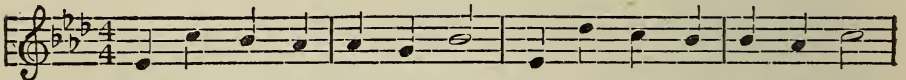


1. Out a - mong the daf - fo - dills, In the hap - py Spring:
2. Out a - mong the but - ter - cups, In the mer - ry Spring,
3. Laugh - ing just for ver - y glee, Glad at ev - 'ry thing,

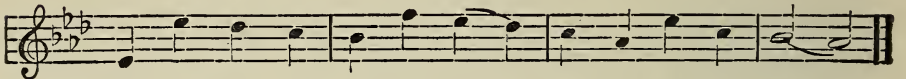


Run - ning up and down the hills, While the rob - ins sing.
 Nev - er once our danc - ing stops. All the live - long day.
 Days are sweet as days can be, In the hap - py Spring.

May Song



1. Wel - come, wel - come, Queen of May, Eyes so bright and smiles so gay,
2. Wel - come, vio - let, sweet and blue, Drink - ing cups of morn - ing dew,



Laugh - ing all the hap - py hours, Wel - come Queen of May.
 Wel - come, flow'rs, so full of glee, Now I wel - come thee.

II

Soon they came from field and wood,
 Dancing as all flowers should,
 But they could not all agree
 As to whom their queen should be.

Chorus—

III

They talked all day till the sun was low,
 Till without a queen they thought they'd go;
 Then the Violet saw a pretty maid,—
 "She shall be our queen," they said.

Chorus—

IV

They crowned the maid their Queen of May,
 And then they gaily danced away,
 Each one happy as could be,
 Each one singing a song of glee.

Chorus—

(On first verse, raise joined hands high and beginning at left end twine in and out under arms. On second verse, beginning at right end do the same thing. On third verse drop hands and dance in and out of spaces. On first three choruses form circle and dance around in time to music. On fourth verse stand still with arms raised toward May. On fourth chorus May jumps from chair and joins Flowers who, beginning with right end, run lightly off stage while singing.)

—Grace M. Cole.

Rip Van Winkle

CHARACTERS

RIP VAN WINKLE.
DAME VAN WINKLE.
RIP'S SON.
RIP'S DAUGHTER.
MRS. VAN TWILLER.
MRS. VAN TASSEL.
MRS. STUYVESANT.

MRS. VAN HORN.
MRS. MENA KIEFT.
GRANDMA KIEFT.
ORATOR.
OLD WOMAN.
OLD MAN.
NICHOLAS VEDDER.

VAN BUMMEL

Numerous others to form crowd at election.

SCENE I

SCENE—*Dame Van Winkle sweeping, Rip cleaning a gun. Wolf sitting by him. Rip and wife dressed in old Dutch costume. (See histories of old New York.)*

DAME VAN WINKLE (*stamping her foot emphatically*)—Wolf, you lazy dog, you move out-of-doors this minute! You are actually good for nothing unless it is to encourage your master in habits of idleness! Well, Rip, I suppose you are going squirrel hunting again! Just look at the fences falling to pieces! You have let this place dwindle away acre by acre until it is a mere patch of corn and potatoes, and the weeds are choking them to death!

RIP (*speaking slowly*)—I allowed if it hadn't been so cloudy, I'd worked in the garden to-day.

DAME VAN WINKLE—If it hadn't been cloudy there'd have been something else—a barn raising, or husking bee, or some of the neighbor women would want a flower garden dug up. And when you can't go fishing or hunting you betake yourself down to the village inn and waste your time gossiping with the idlers of the village and telling long sleepy stories about nothing. I have my opinion of a man like Nicholas Vedder. Patriarch of the village, indeed! Who would uphold a man of family in idling away the hours! You are actually so slow that not a dog will bark at you throughout the whole neighborhood. I should

think you could see what a disgraceful ruin you are bringing your family to; your children are as wild and ragged as if they belonged to nobody. A fine example you are setting for your son. You'd rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. I am working my fingers to the bone trying to take care of this family, while you are whistling life away in perfect content. (*Flourishes broom.*) Betake yourself out of my way this minute.

(*Rip saunters out.*)

SCENE II

SCENE—*Rip sauntering along road to village. Mrs. Van Twiller, wearing sunbonnet, sleeves rolled up, calls from front gate.*

MRS. VAN TWILLER—Oh, neighbor Van Winkle, are you going to the village?

RIP—Yes, I'd laid out to work in the garden, but it looks like rain.

MRS. VAN TWILLER—I wanted to ask you to do a little errand for me. I've sent three times by Henry for a clothesline and for a yard of check gingham like this sample.

RIP—All right.

MRS. VAN TWILLER—I see the Kaatskills have gathered a hood of gray vapor; it's a sure sign of rain. And there's been a ring around the moon for several nights.

RIP—I think it is sure to rain sometime to-day. (*Exit Rip.*)

SCENE III

SCENE—*Several men, among them Rip Van Winkle, Van Bummel and Nicholas Vedder, seated in front of the village inn on benches. Van Bummel holds an old newspaper.*

RIP—Many a time I've heard my father and grandfather tell of the ghosts that haunted the Kaatskills.

VAN BUMMEL—They say Hendrick Hudson and his crew of the Half Moon hold a vigil there every twenty years. They play ninepins and drink brandy.

NICHOLAS VEDDER—When I was a little boy two hunters who were crossing the Kaatskills were delayed during a storm. While resting at the head of a little glen a figure dressed in old Dutch

costume and carrying a keg on his shoulder hallooed at them to help him. One of them went to assist the stranger. The stranger then set down the keg, gave the hunter a drink from the flagon, and the hunter was seen to shoulder the keg and start down the rocky path. Darkness came on and he was never seen again.

VAN BUMMEL—I suppose he was spirited away. I have read—
(*Dame Van Winkle enters unexpectedly.*)

DAME VAN WINKLE—So here you are, Rip Van Winkle! How dare you sneak off down here, day after day, and idle away your time with these shiftless villains, while the fences are falling to pieces and the cow is among the cabbages? Fine gentlemen you all are, wasting your time gossiping about your neighbors! You, Nicholas Vedder, I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself to encourage the shiftless husbands of this neighborhood by telling them long, sleepy ghost stories. You sit here smoking day after day and only move to keep in the shade.

SCENE IV

SCENE—*Quilting scene. Women are seated at work. Grandma Kieft, at one corner of stage, is dressed as others but wears shawl and cap. She rocks and knits; speaks in high-pitched tone.*

MRS. KIEFT—How are you feeling, Grandma?

GRANDMA—Oh, I have a touch of rheumatics. I think there is a storm coming. I used to have it when I was a little girl in Holland, it was so damp there.

MRS. STUYVESANT—Talking of managing husbands, there's Rip Van Winkle for example; they do say his wife leads him a dog's life of it.

MRS. VAN TASSEL—Poor man! I hear she says he's lazy. I have known him to sit on a rock with a rod as heavy as a Tartar's lance and fish all day without a murmur. Do you call that lazy?

MRS. VAN HORN—As you say, Mrs. Stuyvesant, I believe it is in the managing. If we all managed our husbands as that woman does hers, I don't believe they'd do as well as Rip does.

MRS. KIEFT—I'll take some thread, please.

MRS. VAN TASSEL—My grandmother always said a tall skinny

woman was a Tartar to live with. I think it's their nagging, ugly tempers that makes them so poor.

MRS. STUYVESANT—Mena, will you pass the scissors down this way? It's a blessing that her children have their father's temperament. A fine time she'd have raising them if they didn't!

MRS. VAN TASSEL—She takes her nagging and scolding after her father. Her mother was as quiet and peaceful a woman as you ever met. Many a visit I've had with her.

GRANDMA—My mother used to say, "A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only instrument that grows keener with constant use." It's my opinion that as the years of matrimony roll on, times will grow worse and worse with poor Rip.

MRS. VAN HORN—My great aunt Katherine knew the Van Winkles in Holland. She said they were fine, respectable people. Rip's great-uncle was a historian. He was good company.

MRS. STUYVESANT—I think Rip favors him that way.

MRS. VAN TASSEL—Who knows, under other circumstances, he might have been a historian, too.

GRANDMA—There's nothing so disheartening and discouraging as the all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue. How that man consoles himself, I can't see.

MRS. VAN HORN—Where did you get this quilt pattern, Mrs. Stuyvesant?

MRS. STUYVESANT—My grandmother made it up when she was a girl in Holland. She called it the tulip pattern. She always liked bright colors, and tulips gave her a wide range to select from.

MRS. KIEFT—Where is that spool of thread? I would like a pattern of this quilt; I think I'll piece one like it.

MRS. VAN TASSEL—Where's Mrs. Van Twiller?

MRS. STUYVESANT—She sent me word she would be late, but she will be here. Here she is now. (*Enter Mrs. Van Twiller.*)

MRS. VAN TWILLER (*taking off bonnet*)—Here I am at last! I had to do a big wash this morning. I wouldn't have been here yet if neighbor Van Winkle hadn't helped me put up a new clothesline. How are you, Grandma?

GRANDMA—Tolerable, considering everything.

MRS. VAN HORN—Rip sure is handy at odd jobs.

MRS. STUYVESANT—And always willing. John has no patience at odd jobs.

MRS. VAN TASSEL—Mena, did you ask Mrs. Van Winkle over to the quilting?

MRS. STUYVESANT—Yes, she said she could not come, she had so much work to do.

MRS. VAN HORN—She never was very neighborly. Is that all she said?

MRS. STUYVESANT—No, she said it would be too bad to spoil the quilting; that if she came the women would have nothing to talk about.

MRS. VAN TASSEL—What did she mean by that?

MRS. STUYVESANT—She did not explain.

MRS. VAN HORN—Well, if I ever! She always was a queer one.

MRS. VAN TASSEL—If that man wasn't a saint he could not live in the house with her three days.

GRANDMA—I suppose she feels above us, but considering her family and raisin' I don't see where she has a call to.

MRS. KIEFT—Well, this corner is quilted at last.

MRS. VAN TWILLER—Did you hear what she did this morning?

MRS. VAN TASSEL—No! What now! Do tell us!

MRS. VAN TWILLER—Well, I never care to gossip but I don't mind telling you how that woman shocked the whole village this morning. How a peace-loving woman could do what she did is more than I can tell.

MRS. VAN TASSEL—What is this community coming to next?

MRS. VAN HORN—I'm sure I can't tell.

MRS. VAN TWILLER—She walked down to the village as bold as you please and dared to accuse poor Rip of every crime in the category of sin, unless it was talking too much, and even went so far as to include Nicholas Vedder and all of the rest of the community that happened to be there.

MRS. VAN HORN—If that isn't the limit!

GRANDMA—Women had more respect for themselves and family in my day.

MRS. VAN TASSEL—Mine, too, Grandma. A fine example she is setting for her young daughter!

GRANDMA—For my part I never could see why Rip married her. It just shows what a peaceful, unsuspecting man he is.

Why, everybody in the country knew what a virago that woman was, unless it was him.

MRS. STUYVESANT—Another corner done.

MRS. VAN TASSEL—A few more stitches and this quilt will be done. What color are you going to bind it with?

MRS. STUYVESANT—I had thought to bind it with green. What color do you favor, Mrs. Van Horn?

MRS. VAN HORN—Red or green would match, I should say.

MRS. STUYVESANT—Grandma, will you get that plate of molasses cookies I baked yesterday and pass them around while we finish this corner?

MRS. VAN TASSEL—I am always glad to get one of your cookies, Mena. How much molasses do you put in?

SCENE V

SCENE—*The next day. Rip going hunting, with gun on shoulder and dog at heels.*

RIP—Poor Wolf! thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it, but never mind, my lad; whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee.

VOICE—Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!

RIP—Well, who can that be? What's he carrying? Come, Wolf, some poor neighbor is in need of our assistance.

VOICE—Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!

(Rip walks off stage.)

SCENE VI

SCENE—*Twenty years later. Woodland scene. Rip awakening. He is covered with roots and leaves. His beard is long, his clothes are tattered. He rubs his eyes,—sits up and rubs knee.*

RIP—Surely, I've not slept here all night! Where's the stranger with the keg of liquor that I helped up the glen? *(Rises unsteadily.)* Oh, that wicked flagon! What excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle? *(Picks up gun which falls to pieces.)* Someone has stolen my gun! Where's Wolf? *(Whistles. Takes a few unsteady steps.)* These mountain beds do not agree with me, and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle! *(Calls.)* Wolf! Wolf! *(Totters off stage.)*

SCENE VII

SCENE—A dilapidated old house. Rip staggers through doorway, looks around, shakes head, looks outdoors, sees a dog and calls, "Wolf! Wolf!"

RIP—Come, Wolf! My very dog has forgotten me. (*Pauses.*) Where are my wife and children?

SCENE VIII

SCENE—Crowd on stage. A lean fellow, standing on box, with pockets full of handbills, is talking vehemently.

ORATOR—He was one of the heroes of '76, he fought at Bunker Hill, was wounded at Stony Point, and was one of the brave men who helped to win the Battle of Saratoga. He has been twice a member of Congress, and I tell you, my friends, we cannot make a mistake if we cast our vote to-day for—

(Rip appears. A voter bustles up to him.)

VOTER—Which side do you vote on, my friend?

(Orator steps down from box, parting crowd with elbows and planting himself in front of Rip.)

ORATOR—What brings you to this election with a gun on your shoulder and a mob at your heels? Do you mean to breed a riot in the village? Who are you, anyway? Where are you from? What is your business here?

RIP—Alas, gentlemen, I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!

ORATOR—What do you mean? Are you a Tory?

CROWD—A Tory! A spy! A refugee! Hustle him! Away with him!

ORATOR—What did you come here for? Whom are you seeking? Have you come to our election to make trouble?

RIP—Gentlemen, I mean no harm, I assure you. I merely came in search of some of my old neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

ORATOR—Well, who are they? Name them.

RIP *(after a pause)*—Where is Nicholas Vedder? *(Old man with long hair and beard steps up and looks at Rip.)*

OLD MAN—Nicholas Vedder? Why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years. There was a wooden tombstone in the

churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone, too.

RIP—Where's Brom Dutcher?

OLD MAN—Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point, others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again.

RIP—Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?

OLD MAN—He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress.

RIP (*distressed*)—"War!" "Congress!" "Stony Point!" (*Shakes head and cries despairingly.*) Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?

OLD MAN—Rip Van Winkle! To be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder. (*Rip looks amazed.*)

ORATOR—Who are you? What is your name?

RIP—God knows. (*Shakes head.*) I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no, that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am.

(*Bystanders nod, wink at each other, and tap their heads. A woman pushes through throng with baby in arms.*)

RIP'S DAUGHTER (*patting baby*)—Hush, Rip, hush; the old man won't hurt you.

RIP (*eyeing her closely*)—What is your name, my good woman?

RIP'S DAUGHTER—Judith Gardenier.

RIP—And your father's name?

RIP'S DAUGHTER—Ah, poor man! Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since.—His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl.

RIP (*faltering*)—Where's your mother?

RIP'S DAUGHTER—Oh, she died but a short time since. She broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler.

RIP (*joyfully; embracing daughter*)—I am your father!

Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now. Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?

(*Old Woman steps forward and peers under her hand which shades her eyes.*)

OLD WOMAN—Sure enough! It is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself. (*Shakes hands.*) Welcome home again, old neighbor.—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?

RIP—Yesterday I went hunting and met a man who called me to help him carry a keg of brandy up the mountain side. We sat down to rest on a green knoll. I took a drink from the flagon, and went to sleep, and when I awoke this morning my dog was gone, my gun was changed, and when I came home I could find nothing of my wife and children, so I came here.

OLD MAN—Of course it's Rip Van Winkle! You've been gone twenty years, old neighbor; welcome back. (*Shakes hands.*) You've met some of the ghosts of Hendrick Hudson's crew, that hold a vigil there every twenty years. They've cast a spell over you, and you have slept twenty years. My uncle said they kept a guardian eye upon this great river. My father once saw Hudson and his crew playing at ninepins in the hollow of the mountain, and I, myself, one summer afternoon heard the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

ORATOR (*who has been listening and also explaining ballots to voters, steps on box*)—Everybody proceed to vote. The polls will be closed at six o'clock sharp.

RIP'S DAUGHTER (*taking Rip by the arm*)—Now, Father, you must come and live with me. My husband was one of the village urchins that used to climb upon your back, and he will be glad to welcome you.

—*Etta M. Arnold.*

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Scenes I, II, and IV may be omitted if there are not enough girls. I play Scene V in two ways: sometimes Rip walks on the stage with the dog, seats himself on an old log, opens up an old wallet and shares its contents with Wolf, addressing him thus: "Poor Wolf! thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it," etc. Or Rip walks across stage with dog, and stoops and pets dog while he talks to him. In Scene I Wolf sits between his master and back of stage and can be easily pulled off or called off by someone in the wings. He may be led by leash or by an invisible cord.

The scenery is easy to manage. In the wood scenes we used a green carpet or rug and several small trees with boards fastened to the bottom so we could carry them on and off easily. We used old vines and green crepe paper cut into strips to cover Rip in the scene where he awakes. In the home-coming scene only the interior of the old house is visible. Rip looks out of a door or a window and calls an imaginary dog.

“Marse Gawge, de Lubines’ Man”

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

MAID—Costume of present-day maid.

DINAH—Costume of old colonial slave.

CAESAR—Costume of old colonial butler.

GEORGE WASHINGTON—George Washington costume.

GEORGE WASHINGTON’S MOTHER—Gray colonial dress with white fichu.

SARAH—Costume, colonial girl (hair not powdered).

MISS MARY ANN—Costume, colonial girl (hair not powdered).

MISS JANICE—Costume, colonial (hair powdered).

MISS BETTIE—Costume, colonial (hair powdered).

MARTHA WASHINGTON—Black colonial dress, with white fichu.

LIBERTY—Wears white robe and carries torch.

Chorus of about twenty girls in colonial costume.

(See illustrations in historical books for details of costumes.)

SCENE—A dining room, the round table set for seven guests. A large picture of George Washington hangs on the rear wall center. Around the table, in a semicircle facing the audience, are seven chairs.

MAID (*stands yawning at table, with cherries and hatchets in her hand*)—Gee! If Washin’ton’s birthday come mo’ dan oncet a year, Ah’d resign mah position. Here Ah has to put cherries and hatchets around aberywheres. Dis here Washin’ton business make me tired. (*Yawns and rubs eyes.*) When Miss Mary want to hab de lubines’ time ob de year, she hab a Gawge Washin’ton party. What dat great man know ob lub? (*Points to the picture of Washington.*) From what Ah knows ob him, he too busy a-choppin’ down trees an’ sayin’ he ain’t never tell no lies, an’ fightin’ wars, to know anyt’ing ’bout lub. Oh, Law! Ah has to hab a little rucreation mahself, but dat dance las’ night jes’ ’bout wore me out. (*Laughs.*) Dat Sam Johnson, he so full of pep, Ah neber knows Ah’s tired till dis mawnin’. Den, when dese party doin’s begins, Ah knows it! But putty much you cares fo’ it. (*Shakes her finger at Washington’s victure.*)

Yes, an' (*yawns*) you don' know nothin' 't all 'bout lub. (*Yawns again.*) Ah beliebs Ah'll jes' stretch out on dis here sofy a little while. (*Looks at the picture of Washington.*) Yo' old lubless man you, you didn't lub nobody, nobody (*drowsily*), nobody a-tall, a-tall. (*Falls asleep.*)

(*Dinah and Butler steal in.*)

DINAH—Cæsar, did yo' hear dat good-fer-not'in' nigger talkin' 'bout my Marse Gawge? *My Marse Gawge?* Did yo' hear her talkin' 'bout my Marse Gawge not knowin' nothin' 'bout lubbin'? Ah's dat mad Ah kin ha'dly keep mahself from bustin' her haid open. (*Glowers at the sleeping girl.*) Marse Gawge not know nothin' 'bout lubbin'! Huh, he done fergit mo' 'bout lubbin', dan you ever s'picion could be 'bout lubbin', yo' brack trash, yo'.

CAESAR—Yo's right, Dinah.

DINAH—Deed, Ah is right. Ah knows. Sh! Heah come my Marse Gawge his own self. Git dis table ready quick, Cæsar. Huh, Ah hopes he show dis here low-down niggah all what he know 'bout lubbin'.

(*George Washington walks in slowly, to tune of a minuet, played softly. He seats himself at far end of table.*)

DINAH—Howdy, Marse Gawge; howdy, sah. Jes' set right down here, an' de good Lawd bress yo'. Yo' knows 'nough 'bout lubbin' to lub yo' old brack slave, don' you', Marse Gawge? And Law, Cæsar, look! Whiles we's talkin' 'bout lubbin', heah come his fust lub, his own maw. He alway lub his maw, fust, last, and alway.

(*Mrs. Washington walks in while minuet is played softly. She walks around table and seats herself at opposite end from Washington.*)

DINAH—Howdy, ole Missus. How sweet an' precious yo' do look right now. No wonder dat Marse Gawge lub his maw! 'Member, Cæsar, how dat chile neber could leab his maw widout he kiss he' hand? And while she a habbin' sich a ha'd time to git along, Marse Gawge neber want to leab he'?

CAESAR—Ah sho' does, Dinah.

(*Sarah comes in, to same music as before. She walks around table and sits next to Mrs. Washington.*)

DINAH—Wal, ef here ain't little Miss Sarah—dat pore little Miss Sarah what Marse Gawge take sich stock in when he was

a little boy. Dat pore little gal! She tuck sick an' died. Yo' recollect, Cæsar?

CAESAR—Sho'ly, sho'ly, Dinah.

DINAH—Ain't nobody kin say dat Marse Gawge didn't lub dis pore little sweet gal. Oh yes, yo' mis'able niggah (*Frowns at sleeping Maid*), he knowed how to lub. Den atter dis pore little Miss done die, he went to lib wif his brudder a while and went to school. Yo' 'member, Cæsar?

CAESAR—Suttenly, suttenly, Dinah.

DINAH—Dat where he meet Miss Mary Ann. He done tole me all 'bout how he lub he', but how he too bashful to tell he' 'bout it. Law, ef here she don't come now.

(*Mary Ann comes in to same minuet. She walks round the table and sits next to Sarah.*)

DINAH—Ef dey keeps a-comin', putty soon Ah kin gib eye-proof 'bout Marse Gawge know all 'bout lubbin'. Law, bress yo' heart, Miss Mary Ann. Cæsar, has yo' dismembered how Marse Gawge wuz jes' fo'teen or fifteen den?

CAESAR—But, Dinah, it did seem lak he wuz a gen'leman a'ready, didn't it?

DINAH—Yas, Marse Gawge, he wa'n't none of dese here little puny boys. He wuz a *man*. Den later, when he wuz gwine away to be a sub, sub— What yo' call dat, Cæsar, when he step off de lan' fer de Guv'ment?

CAESAR—A su'veyor, ob cose.

DINAH—Jes' 'fore he go away to be a subveyor, he meet Miss Janice. Law, she wuz dat putty dat a angel would like to change places wid he'. Why, Miss Janice, honey!

(*Janice comes in as others have done. She sits next to Mary Ann.*)

DINAH—Jes' as putty as eber yo' am, Missy too. Yes, an' ef you hadn't been so fickle wid Marse Gawge, you might ha' been de fust lady ob de lan'! But, Laws, Ah guess you couldn't he'p dat, little Miss. You didn't hab no mo' heart dan whut a flower hab.

(*Bettie comes in to minuet and seats herself beside Janice.*)

DINAH—Heah am de next one whut he lub. She all 'gaged to be ma'ied when Marse Gawge meet he'. Law, but he done lub he'! Miss Bettie suttenly had Marse Gawge in lub wid he'.

CAESAR—Sho'ly she did.

(Mrs. Martha Custis Washington comes in and takes the chair next to George Washington.)

DINAH (*speaking delightedly*)—De young Missus, Cæsar. De Missus Gawge Washin'ton. O Missus, Dinah's dat glad to see you! De one what Marse Gawge lub bestest ob any!

(Dinah turns as Yankee Doodle is played, and sees Liberty approaching. Liberty, with her lighted torch, stands on a platform back of the table.)

DINAH—Scusin' me, young Missus, he do lub ae lady Liberty de bestest ob all. And dat whut make him lub de rest ob us so ha'd. Cæsar, it make me feel so happy to see Marse Gawge an' all ob his lubs, mah ole bones feel like dancin'. Clap fer me, Cæsar, clap fer me. *(Dinah jigs around the table.)*

(Chorus come in, stand back of Liberty, and sing old songs like "Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms," "Love's Old Sweet Song," etc. Chorus leave stage; then, two by two those at the table leave, George Washington and his wife last. As the last notes of music die out, Maid wakes up.)

MAID (*rubbing eyes*)—I shore thought I was conjured. All dem long-time-ago people! Marse Gawge (*rising and looking up at portrait*), Ah begs you' pa'don, suh. You's de lubines' man whut is. An' now I must hurry up wi' dis table. Dese here harum-scarum young folks will be a-comin' 'long soon.

(Curtain.)

—May L. Treadwell.

Stock

CHARACTERS

MR. DOLITTLE—A farmer.

MR. HAWKS—An agent.

SCENE—Living room. Mr. Dolittle, in carpet slippers, sits reading in an easy chair, feet upon another chair. (A knock is heard behind scenes.)

MR. HAWKS—Ahem! Is Mr. Dolittle at home?

GIRL'S VOICE—Yes, he is reading in the sitting room. Go right in.

(Mr. Dolittle looks over his glasses towards the door and brings his feet to the floor just as a well-dressed young man enters the door.)

MR. HAWKS—Mr. Dolittle, I am Mr. Hawks, a representative of the Gilt Edge Company, and I am about to give you an opportunity to invest in some of our stock at a figure that is little better than giving it away. This opportunity I am offering to only a few influential men in each community. (Draws a chair over and seats himself.) Now, Mr. Dolittle—

MR. DOLITTLE—No more stock for me. I've got five cows and thirteen pigs and I've been a slave to them all winter.

MR. HAWKS—Then, sir, I've just what you want. Now, Mr. Dolittle, let me explain. (Draws out a number of papers from pocket and moves his chair closer to Mr. Dolittle.)

MR. DOLITTLE—Now, don't come any explanations on me. Explaining brings to my mind how Hiram Butler explained me into buying his yaller cow about two months back. An' that cow an' me's found something to kick about twice a day ever since.

MR. HAWKS (unfolding papers)—Ah, Mr. Dolittle, I've just what you need. This stock is underground and there is no kick—

MR. DOLITTLE (interrupting)—Gee whiz, Hawks, I don't want any of my stock underground!

MR. HAWKS—Ahem, Mr. Dolittle, you have misunderstood

me. Now let me read some of this literature on the subject to you, and explain about the stock.

MR. DOLITTLE—Tut, tut, boy, you can't read nothing new to me about stock, unless you can guarantee some way of making a balky horse go. I've one to sell.

MR. HAWKS—But, sir, that is live stock. There are other kinds of stock.

MR. DOLITTLE—Yes, certainly yes. Sheep and goats—chickens too. Wall, I ain't sure 'bout chickens being classified as stock, either.

MR. HAWKS (*jumps up from his chair and picks up paper Mr. Dolittle had let fall to the floor when Mr. Hawks came into the room. It is opened to the market reports. Points with finger.*)—Look here, where it says stocks.

MR. DOLITTLE—Sure, I read the markets. (*Takes paper and reads.*) Cattle trade dull. Hogs close, higher. (*Glances over his glasses at Mr. Hawks, who acts angry.*)

MR. HAWKS—That I had at command words to combat such stupidity!

MR. DOLITTLE—Eh?

MR. HAWKS (*taking out watch*)—Mr. Dolittle, I can spare you no more time. You have lost a golden opportunity. Good day. (*Mr. Hawks leaves.*)

MR. DOLITTLE (*rises, goes back towards the door, then turns and looks over his glasses at audience*)—Kind of seemed to me that young feller wasn't over familiar with his subject.

(*Exit.*)

—Harriet Harlan.

The Pilgrims in Their Three Homes

CHARACTERS

JOHN ROBINSON.	3RD OFFICER.
WILLIAM BREWSTER.	MESSENGER.
WILLIAM BRADFORD.	MISTRESS BREWSTER.
REV. JOHN CLIFTON.	MISTRESS CLIFTON.
GERVAISE NEVELL.	MISTRESS STANDISH.
MILES STANDISH.	MISTRESS WHITE.
MR. WHITE.	MISTRESS BRADFORD.
JOHN ALDEN.	DOROTHY MAY.
REV. JOHNSON.	PRISCILLA.
BURGOMASTER EINMAN.	VROW EINMAN.
1ST OFFICER.	DUTCH CHILDREN.
2ND OFFICER.	PURITAN CHILDREN.

INDIANS.

COSTUMES

Puritan, Dutch and Indian.

ACT I

SCENE—Elder Brewster's home at Scrooby, England, where the "Separatists" have gathered. They have finished dinner and as the curtain is drawn are seen kneeling in prayer. They rise and form a circle with chairs near front of stage.

CLIFTON—As has long been our custom, we have again gathered here in response to the invitation of our kind friend, William Brewster, to partake of his hospitality and to worship together our only Over-Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. Let us now take counsel together concerning the troublous times in which we find ourselves.

ROBINSON—Besides the persecution we suffer because we claim freedom of conscience, we are having what little produce these poor lands yield taken from us by the adherents of the Church. They bedeck themselves at our expense!

BREWSTER—The Hampton Court Conference has issued a decree which means trouble for us. It is, "Conformity or exile." That is, worship as the King demands, or leave England.

NEVELL—We were despised by certain other Puritans and hunted by the King's officers, before this last edict. What will it be now?

CLIFTON—We have heard of the attempts to arrest you, William Brewster, and we have decided that Holland offers our only release from King James and his network of spies, set to watch our every word and action.

BREWSTER (*to Clifton*)—Let us go apart to talk over this seeming necessary step. (*Exit.*)

(*Doxology sung by all on stage and behind scenes. A noise outside. Officers enter and arrest Gervaise Nevell.*)

1ST OFFICER—You are my prisoner in the name of the King. We have searched long for this evidence. We have found you in the very act of disobedience. (*Turns to others.*) He is one of the sect of Brownists. He spreads discontent among the people. He teaches false doctrines and holds wrong opinions of his duty to the King and the Church.

2ND OFFICER—We will away with him to York.

3RD OFFICER—There we shall put him in the custody of the keeper of His Majesty's castle.

(*Exit Officers and Nevell.*)

JOHNSON—This occurrence proves that we must accept the Reverend Clifton's suggestion to leave our native land.

BRADFORD—We must report this to William Brewster, "the Defender of our Faith." He has shared every sorrow we have borne. He will be our leader now.

(*Curtain.*)

ACT II

SCENE I

SCENE—*The home of Burgomaster Einman, at Leyden, Holland, on the Eve of St. Nicholas. Vrow Einman and her daughters are seen putting the room to rights in preparation for guests. There is a fireplace at center back.*

VROW EINMAN—I wonder why our good friends, the Pilgrims,

do not come? They have seemed quite happy since they came to live in our land. Poor things—to think of the trials they must have endured. To be away from home, too, at Christmas time must make them very sad. Mayhap our good cheer may lighten their hearts. (*A knock. Enter Brewster, Standish, White, and Hopkins, with wives and children.*) Good even to you, goodmen, and to you, goodwives. And did you all come? Ah, no. Where is friend Bradford? I see him not.

(*The Pilgrims meanwhile remove wraps and seat themselves near the fireplace.*)

STANDISH—Nay, my good Vrow Einman. He has gone to bring Dorothy May. Have you not noticed what good friends they are?

VROW EINMAN—No, I had not noticed. (*Pilgrims talk and laugh. Vrow Einman turns to children*) Come, children, join my own little folk and make yourselves happy. (*Offers basket of cookies.*) Here are cookies, cakes and sugar loaves, and there are many toys. And when you are tired of play, my Gretchen will tell you a story. Would you like that?

(*Meanwhile Bradford, Dorothy, and Burgomaster Einman have entered, and the Vrow turns to her older guests.*)—My good friends, let us partake of the coffee and cake, now that all of you have arrived. (*She and daughters pass coffee and cake.*)

EINMAN—Yes, friends, let us make merry. It pleases us greatly to be able in our humble way to show you how much we enjoy your presence among us.

BREWSTER—We thank you, kind friends, for your hospitality and kindness. We are all looking forward to many happy and prosperous years in this land of freedom and plenty.

(*Curtain.*)

SCENE II

SCENE—*Brewster, Clifton and Robinson seated in consultation around a table in Brewster's home in Leyden.*

ROBINSON—And what makes you feel, Elder Brewster, that our condition here is so alarming? I have been happy and we have all been prosperous.

BREWSTER—That is all very well for you, John—you have no children. It is of them we are thinking. *Our ways will not*

change, but they must grow up among these Dutch children, learn their ways and their language.

CLIFTON—Yes, and marry them as well. You all know that Edward Alden's daughter Jessie married Herr Snyder. And that is only an example of what will follow if we stay here.

BREWSTER—Yes, I for one would be very glad if we could go to some country where our children would be under English influences entirely. It is not that we do not like the Dutch, but that we love our English customs too much to let our little band be as "the ten lost tribes of Israel."

(The first line of the Holland national hymn is heard from without.—This may be found in "The Most Popular Home Songs," Hinds, Noble, and Eldredge, New York publishers.)

CLIFTON *(translating the words)*—"Who boasts the true Hollandish blood, free from an alien strain" *(an exact rendering of the original)*.

ROBINSON—"Free from an alien strain." That shows us plainly what we must do as Englishmen.

(The door bursts open and a child rushes into the room.)

Child—Mudder! Mudder!

BREWSTER—Hush, for shame, child. Your mother is in the kitchen. *(Exit child.)* You see that even our own children address us in a foreign tongue. It must not be allowed to go on.

(A knock. Bradford enters.)

BRADFORD—Good even, friends. Ah, I see by your faces what you are discussing. Have you heard that brave little Holland, who has fought to free herself from the sea, is to meet a foe equally relentless? Spain is making ready to besiege the country. Can we, with our wives and children, stay in a land of bloodshed? No. We must go! *(Rises.)*

CLIFTON—But where?

BRADFORD—I say, America! Colonies have been planted there and surely it is a country where we can maintain freedom of worship, and yet keep our native customs and language. But what say the rest of you, you who are much older and wiser than I?

BREWSTER—Let us pray for guidance.

(All kneel at their chairs.)

(Curtain.)

ACT III

SCENE I

SCENE—A living room in one of the Pilgrim homes at Plymouth. The itinerant cobbler sits on a bench near center of stage working on shoes. Mrs. Brewster, Mrs. Bradford, Mrs. White, and Priscilla Alden are seated at the left sewing and listening to the conversation between White (the cobbler) and John Alden, Miles Standish, Brewster and Johnson. Children are seated playing in the doorway at center back.

WHITE—The harvest is now in and it is a bountiful one. We have worked hard together. Now let us appoint a day of thanksgiving that we may rejoice over the promise of plenty ahead.

ALDEN—I heard Governor Bradford say that we ought to gather for a feast and have our Indian friends with their chief Massasoit as guests.

MESSENGER (*who has come in during the preceding speech*)—Yes, and these are the very words he has sent me to tell you: “I, Governor Bradford, do appoint a day of feast and thanksgiving, to take place three days hence. God hath granted us peace and plenty; He hath blessed us with a dwelling place of peace. He hath held back the savage Indians from harming us. Therefore let us bid to the feast the good chief Massasoit and his braves, that they may know that we, too, worship their Great Spirit, the God that makes the harvest grow.”

STANDISH—Be it as the Governor says. We will consult him as to our plans.

REV. JOHNSON—There are but fifty-five of us to prepare for, but there will be nearly a hundred Indians beside.

BOY (*running in from outside*)—Here comes Governor Bradford!

ALDEN (*turning to White as they greet the Governor*)—Tell him what we were talking about.

CHILDREN (*shouting*)—A feast!

WHITE—Yes, Governor Bradford, we have just received your proclamation and we all agree that it would be appropriate to have a thanksgiving feast. There is an abundance of all we

have raised, so we shall not need to hoard; and this autumn season has brought us great store of wild turkey besides water fowls.

ALDEN—There is an abundance of molasses for pies, and pumpkins too. We must get the women to work while we are off for fish and game.

BRADFORD—We surely must have a feast. I will see Massasoit and the men of his tribe. They will add their part in the game they bring. Come, get your guns and we will see what we can do before it becomes too dark.

(Men leave to hunt. Children resume games. Women gather up sewing, rise, and speak excitedly.)

MRS. BREWSTER—Only four of us to get all ready in three days. How we shall have to work!

MRS. BRADFORD—The maidenkins must prepare the vegetables for cooking.

MRS. WHITE—The deer and turkeys must be roasted by the open fires outside.

PRISCILLA—Well, I must hurry home. There are many things that can be prepared at once. I am so thankful and so happy that I want to begin work right away.

MRS. BRADFORD—Yes, we have a great, great deal to be thankful for. Come, children. *(They leave the stage, talking and laughing, as curtain falls.)*

SCENE II

SCENE—As the curtain rises half way and then descends very slowly, Indians come in from left, throwing game in a pile and dancing wildly about it. At the right the women are seen cooking at an open fire. The Pilgrim men come in with guns over their shoulders and carrying game.

The curtain rises again to show the Indians squatting in a circle around the game while all the Pilgrims, hands joined, are in tableau at the right. An appropriate thanksgiving song may be sung behind the scenes during the pantomime.

(Curtain.)

—Marie Sabin.

The Crowning of King Corn

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

HAROLD—Regular suit.

DOROTHY—Modern girl's dress.

KING CORN—A larger boy, wearing light green cape, yellow blouse, brown knee trousers (tight fitting), and brown stockings. His crown may be made of pasteboard and adorned with grains, small fruits, etc.

GRAIN FAIRIES—Several small girls. Those representing wheat, barley, rye and oats wear thin yellow dresses, and dainty caps decorated with the heads of the unthreshed grain stalks; the one representing rice wears thin white dress made with Japanese effect, and carries small Japanese parasol; the one representing buckwheat wears darker dress of thin fluffy appearance and dark cap.

VEGETABLE BROWNIES—Any number small boys dressed as brownies.

FRUIT ELFINS—Any number small boys wearing small jackets, white blouses, long tight-fitting trousers, pointed shoes and caps with long tassels. The color of jackets, tights and caps should correspond to fruit represented.

PUMPKIN GOBLINS—Any number of boys a little larger than Elfins and Brownies, with bodies padded, and each wearing pumpkin-colored jacket, green knee trousers (tight-fitting), brown stockings, pointed shoes and green peaked cap.

COURTIERS AND PAGES—Any number small boys and girls, decorated with garlands of autumn leaves.

If a more elaborate scene is desired the bodies of the Brownies, Elfins and Goblins may be made to represent the vegetables, fruits and pumpkins by use of barrel hoops, wire and tissue paper. Otherwise each boy or girl carries wand with grain, vegetable, fruit, etc., fastened to end.

The stage should be decorated with various products of the harvest.

(Enter Harold and Dorothy singing portion of some rollicking song.)

DOROTHY—I'm so glad that the harvest time is nearly over, for then will come Thanksgiving. That's why the Pilgrims made Thanksgiving, you know, so they could give thanks for the big harvests they had gathered in.

HAROLD—Yes, I know 'cause I've heard Mother tell about it.

DOROTHY—Oh, say, do you know one of the things the Pilgrim folks used to raise?

HAROLD—Why, yes, it was Indian corn. Everybody knows that. They first heard of it from the Indians.

DOROTHY—And say! I think everybody ought to be thankful this year, don't you?

HAROLD—Why?

DOROTHY—Because there's been such a big harvest this year. Why, my father's barns are chock-full and running over.

HAROLD—So are my father's barns full, and our cellar's full, too.

BOTH (*singing to tune of "Merry Schoolroom"*)—

The harvest time's a joyful time,
The gladdest of the year,
And we are glad Thanksgiving Day
Will very soon be here.

GRAIN FAIRIES (*behind scenes*)—And so are we! And so are we! (*Children appear frightened.*)

(*Enter Fairies, tripping and singing*)—

Oh, we are glad of the harvest time,
As glad as we can be.

CHILDREN—O-o-oh! Who are you with your pretty caps?

FAIRIES (*reciting*)—

Fairies are we of the harvest time,
From the prairies and fertile plains;
It keeps us busy all summer long
To ripen the golden grains.

(*Enter Brownies, tripping and singing*)—

We, too, are glad of the harvest time,
As glad as we can be.

CHILDREN—O-o-oh! Are you fairies, too?

BROWNIES—

Brownies are we of the harvest time,
From the gardens and fields, oho!
We live among the vegetables
And help to make them grow.

(*Enter Elfs, tripping and singing*)—
Oh, ho, for the merry harvest time!
So glad of it are we.

CHILDREN—O-o-o-oh, whoever can you be with your red-and-yellow jackets?

ELFINS—

Elfs are we of the harvest time,
From the orchards bending low;
We paint the cheeks of the ripening fruit
With a yellow or crimson glow.

(*Enter Goblins, dancing and singing*,—

CHILDREN—O-o-oh! O-o-o-oh! The Goblins are coming! The Goblins are coming!

GOBLINS—Yes.

Goblins are we of the harvest time,
From the corn-lands stretching wide,
'Mid the pumpkins big and the cornstalks tall,
'Tis there we love to hide.

DOROTHY—And don't you ever harm little children like me?

GOBLINS—Never, no, never! The people of the harvest never harm any one.

FAIRIES—But we do try to make people happy.

ELFINS—And to-night will be the happiest time of all.

CHILDREN—Why?

ELFINS—Because we're going to crown the king of the harvest.

DOROTHY—Crown the king of the harvest? Oh, goody! Who is he?

FAIRIES—Why don't you know? Haven't you ever heard of good King Corn?

CHILDREN—O-o-o-oh, yes.

GOBLINS—Well, here he comes now.

(*All arrange in line about midway of stage as follows: Fairies and Brownies at right; Elfs, Goblins and children at left. All should sing just preceding and during the entrance of King Corn. Tune, "For That is All They Know."*)

All hail the king of the harvest time!

All hail the good King Corn!

(*Enter King Corn, followed by Courtiers. He takes place in center of line, while Courtiers group themselves at sides of stage.*)

No better king in all the world

A golden crown has worn;

We'll crown him with the choicest gems

From autumn's lavish horn.

(Fairies place crown upon the head of King Corn.)

And homage we will ever pay

Unto our good King Corn.

(All drop to right knee during chorus.)

Chorus

Unto our good King Corn,

And homage we will ever pay

Unto our good King Corn.

KING CORN—Thank you, my loyal friends and subjects. I shall ever try to be a good and gracious king. My first act, however, shall be to demand a tribute from each and every one of you.

ALL—A tribute? What shall it be?

KING CORN—That you shall name for me at least one thing that you have given, or will give to the world and its people.

ALL—Oh, that's easy.

(The first three Fairies, one representing barley, another rye, and the third wheat, recite)—

We furnish the barley and rye and wheat

To make the bread that the people eat.

FOURTH FAIRY *(representing oats)—*

Oats I bring for the porridge and meal

That give to the Scotchmen muscles of steel.

FIFTH FAIRY *(representing buckwheat)—*

Buckwheat I bring for the griddle-cakes

That every American housewife makes.

SIXTH FAIRY *(representing rice)—*

The rice I bring from the distant East

To furnish a pudding for the feast.

BROWNIES—

The Brownies sing your praises, too,

And tributes pay to the world and you,—

Potatoes we give the feast to swell,

Cabbages, turnips, and beets as well.

ELFINS—

We furnish the fruit both sour and sweet,
That young and old delight to eat—
The apple and pear and peach and plum,
And all are glad the harvest's come.

GOBLINS—

We bring the pumpkins for the pies
That look so good to the children's eyes.
Oh, oh, 'tis the harvest time for fun!
There's gladness enough for every one.

KING CORN—I'm not quite so sure about that. I'm afraid that—

The harvest is not for every one,
For some have plenty and some have none.

ALL—

The cattle and horses, too, we feed
And very happy are they indeed.

DOROTHY (*clapping hands*)—Oh, I'm so glad we've found the harvest fairies. We're not a bit afraid, either.

HAROLD—And we're going to pay homage to you, too, King Corn.

KING CORN—And will you pay tribute also?

HAROLD—Oh, yes, we'll try to help some of the poor folks who haven't any harvest so that they, too, may be as happy as we are.

KING CORN—That will be very nice. You have each offered splendid tributes to the world and me. The harvest has been abundant and if every one may have some share in it, we shall all be happy as kings.

ALL—As happy as yourself, King Corn?

KING CORN—Yes, indeed, and then we can all say:

ALL—

Oh, ho, 'tis the harvest time for fun,
And there's gladness enough for everyone.

ALL (*singing to tune of "Merry Schoolroom"*)—

The harvest time's a happy time,
The merriest of the year,
And we are glad Thanksgiving Day
Will very soon be here.

(Boys whistle following)—

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la.

(All sing)—

Oh, yes we're glad Thanksgiving Day

Will very soon be here.

(Curtain.)

Willis N. Bugbee.

NOTE—The tunes mentioned herein will be found in "Merry Melodies," price 15 cents. It may be obtained of the F. A. Owen Publishing Company, Dansville, N. Y.

"Abe" Lincoln's Neighbors

CHARACTERS

JOHN D. JOHNSTON

JIM JONES

JASPER ENDICOTT

DICK BLAKE—Storekeeper

EBENEZER STANDART

ALLEN GENTRY

GEORGE HARRISON

HARRY AVIS—Politician

MRS. PRATT, and YOUNG SON

MISS PRUE

MRS. JOHN D. JOHNSTON

AUNT INDIANA

PAUL BATES—Stagecoach Driver

SCENE: A country store in Sangamon County, Illinois, in November, 1860, just before word is received that Lincoln has been elected President. Most of the characters are grouped around a big stove, feet resting on it, and chairs tilted back. John D. Johnston is an habitual loafer, and acts the part, yawning and apparently falling asleep several times, only to be joggled by the elbows of the men next to him. Jim Jones is of a more restless type, but listens eagerly to all that is said. Jasper Endicott is the gentleman of the crowd, and is listened to with respect whenever he speaks. Dick busies himself about his store, rearranging his wares, adjusting scales, etc. Ebenezer impatiently awaits the opportunity to pass on stories his father had told about Lincoln. Allen Gentry has a book in his hand, but reads only when the discussion does not interest him. George whittles on a toy boat. Paul Bates sits on the store counter, and amuses himself by occasionally flicking somebody's ear with his long whip. Harry is a bombastic and bitter type of man, who goes around with a chip on his shoulder, ready to quarrel with anybody. Mrs. Pratt is a typical housewife of the community; Miss Prue a typical elderly maiden lady; Mrs. Johnston the worst shrew for miles around; and Aunt Indiana a poor decrepit old lady, regarded as "queer," and perhaps a little unbalanced mentally. When the curtain rises, all the male characters except George, Paul, and Harry are on the stage.

(Enter George lazily.)

GEORGE—Howdy, fellers!

ALL—Howdy! Hullo, George! How are ye? etc.

GEORGE (*with habitual drawl*)—Well, Dick, how's business to-day?

DICK (*briskly*)—Fair to middlin'. What can I do for you?

GEORGE (*pulling slip of paper from his pocket*)—Fifty cents' worth of sugar. (*He sidles over to a seat, after taking a toy boat from behind the wood box, and begins to whittle. Dick leaves sugar standing on counter.*)

JOHN D.—Did you hear who set Hank's barn afire?

GEORGE—What! Did Hank's barn burn down?

JOHN D.—Well, this is what I heard tell about it—

(*Paul, behind scene, shouts, "Whoa Nance!"*)

ALL (*excitedly*)—There's the mail!

(*Paul enters, calling out, "Guess the news, boys!" He holds out a paper, Dick jumps for it and gives a yell.*)

DICK—Lincoln is elected!

(*All crowd around him in great excitement.*)

GEORGE—I knew he'd get it.

ALL—What did I tell you? What's the matter with Abe? He'll be a great President! etc. (*Gradually they settle down again.*)

PAUL—I wonder what he'll do about the South?

JOHN D.—I bet I know what he'll do to the South's pocket-books. He'll put a hole in them.

GEORGE—How do you mean?

JOHN D.—He's going to free the slaves.

(*At this remark, all turn curiously and rather incredulously to John D.*)

DICK—What put that into your head?

JOHN D.—That's all right, you can laugh. But I can make a good guess, and I'll tell you why. You remember that time Offutt wanted me and Abe and John to take a load to N'Orleans, but he couldn't get a boat—leastways, that's what *he* said. Well, Abe, he spoke up and said he'd make a boat. You know how he never could be stopped, once he got an idea in his head. (*All nod appreciatively.*) Well, sir, by the time that boat was ready, the floods had gone down so far that we got stuck on the Rutledge dam—the bow sticking out into the air, over the dam, and the stern under water.

JIM—Didn't look just then like you'd get to N'Orleans in a hurry, did it?

JOHN D.—Oh, you don't know Abe, if you think he'd waste any time staring at a sight like that. He got the cargo out of the stern and put it ashore, and with the bow loaded down that boat just teetered over the dam as pretty as you please. We loaded up again and went on. When we got to N'Orleans we got rid of our cargo and came back on the packet. But while we were walking around the city, seeing the sights, we ran into a slave auction in the big square. Abe stood watching it mighty sober for a few minutes, then he says to John and me, "Boys, if I ever get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard."

I answered, "Some day you'll get that chance all right, Abe."

But he only smiled at me, as much as to say, "I guess we're a pair of fools." But I wasn't so far off, was I? He's certainly got the chance now, if he wants to use it.

(Mrs. Pratt comes in to buy groceries. She leads her small son, to whom Dick gives a stick of candy, while George gets up, makes a low mock bow, and presents the toy boat, much to the youngster's delight.)

EBENEZER—When my father kept store and Abe worked for him, he always said that boy of his had a great head on him, and he knew he'd be President some day.

JOHN D. (*importantly*)—I always told my wife he'd be President some day. That shows I'm a good prophet.

GEORGE (*laughing*)—You old hen-peck! When did you get up nerve to give your wife an opinion of your own? (*All laugh at this, except John D., who grins shamefacedly, and says, "Well, I risked it, that time."*)

MRS. PRATT (*finished buying, and turning to the group*)—Are you talking about my Abe? What's new about him?

ALL—Why, don't you know he's been elected President?

MRS. PRATT—What, did he really get it? (*proudly*) The good boy! Did you ever hear what he did for me? Do you remember that time he sold me some tea?

DICK (*seeing she is anxious to tell the story*)—Seems to me I do. But go on and tell us, anyway.

MRS. PRATT—Well, one night I came down to the store to get some tea. Abe weighed it out and handed it to me, and I went home and went to bed. Just as I was getting up the next morning, I heard somebody knock. I got ready as quick as I could and went to the door, and there was Abe Lincoln, as I'm alive. He said the scales were out of order when he weighed my tea,

but he didn't know it then. And he had enough tea with him to make up my pound!

JASPER—He certainly earned the right to be called "Honest Abe."

ALL—You're right! I should say he did! etc.

(*Exit Mrs. Pratt, Dick carrying her basket to the door.*)

JOHN D.—And that's not the only name he ought to have, either.

JIM—No, siree! Do you all remember Jack Armstrong? Him and me got into a little scrap one day in school. I was getting licked when Abe come along and stopped us. Jack was a head taller than I was.

EBENEZER—Just like Abe. He was always a peacemaker.

JIM—Abe got up on an old stump and made up a speech right on the spot against fighting. He always was a great hand for speechmaking. Always looked awkward as the dickens, but somehow you forgot all about that. When he didn't have anything else to do, he used to go off in the woods and spout orations to the trees. That's what gave him his best practice for his debates against Douglas.

PAUL—He didn't get help from many books, either, in the early days. Do you remember how much that "Life of Washington" he borrowed cost him?

DICK (*scratching his head*)—I kind of forget that story. What is it?

PAUL—Well, one time that tight-fisted old schoolmaster named Crawford lent Abe one of his books—a "Life of George Washington." Abe left it on a shelf one night, and the rain came through and soaked it. The covers were warped, and old Crawford was mad as a hornet. He told Abe he would thank him for seventy-five cents for damages.

JOHN D.—That sounds like Crawford, all right.

GEORGE—He always was an old crab.

(*Enter Miss Prue.*)

PAUL—Well, the upshot of it was that Abe paid the money, and kept the book, but he had to work three days, hauling fodder at twenty-five cents a day, in order to do it.

DICK—Can you beat that? People used to call Crawford *blue-nosed*, and I guess they were about right.

JASPER (*laughing and slapping his knee in approval*)—"Blue-nosed" just hits him off to a "T."

MISS PRUE (*who has been standing at counter, listening*)—Well, that reminds me of something I saw Abe do one day. He had asked me some time before that if I would make him a suit. I told him I would, if he would bring over the material. I'll never forget the day that suit was done, and he came riding past my house on "Ginger," all fixed up.

DICK (*interrupting*)—Old Ginger! You couldn't find a finer horse in the country than he was. (*All nod assent.*)

MISS PRUE—Well, Abe rode along and waved his hand to me. Just down the road a way I could see him pull up short, and if there wasn't Jake Harrison's young pig stuck in the mud. It always was getting into trouble.

PAUL—Yes, the beast got into my garden peas one day, and there wasn't much left of them when I got him out. Go on, Miss Prue, I'll keep still now.

MISS PRUE—Well, I watched Abe, and he kept riding up and down, kinder in a quand'ry what to do. Finally he threw his long leg over that horse's back, and stepped down into that mud hole cool as could be. By the time he got the pig pried loose, he was covered with mud himself and that new suit was a sight to behold! It isn't every man that would sacrifice a suit for a pig.

(*Remarks of approval, such as, "That's right," "Just like him," etc.*)

GEORGE—Sacrifice a suit! Why, he went into the Black Hawk War ready to sacrifice his life, if necessary.

(*Enter Mrs. John D. Johnston, flourishing a rolling pin; those near John D. dodge, and make wry faces.*)

MRS. JOHN D. (*hands on hips*)—Well, at last. You're a grand husband, John D. Here I've been hunting all over the neighborhood for you. But I might have known you'd be here with this pack of lazy good-for-nothings. (*Shakes rolling pin.*) Say, didn't I tell you I wanted some wood split, and me right in the middle of my baking, too! Now you hurry and clear out of here this minute, or I'll know the reason why. Do you hear? (*Exit John D., pursued by his wife. The men breathe a sigh of relief, and laugh rather nervously.*)

MRS. JOHN D. (*turning back, angrily*)—Don't you laugh at me, you big loafers! I'd like to go out and bring your wives and mothers here to look at you. (*Exit.*)

EBENEZER—I'm darn glad I haven't got a wife like that.

GEORGE—Thank heaven I'm single.

JIM—Well, my wife's bad enough, but that one's a terror.

ALLEN—You're right, she is.

DICK—What was that you started to say, George, about Abe and the War?

EBENEZER—Why, what did Abe ever have to do with war?

GEORGE—I guess your memory's failing you, Eb. Why, Abe was captain of the company I was in, till it was mustered out. After that him and me enlisted as privates in an outfit that used to be called the Independent Spy Battalion. We were so all-fired independent that we didn't take orders from nobody, short of the commander-in-chief of the army. We were all mounted, and thought it was a great lark to gallop around the country and forage for grub. Did I ever tell you how Abe once got that company of his through a fence?

ALL—No, how was it?

GEORGE—Why, he just yelled out, "This company is dismissed for two minutes. Crawl through the fence, and fall in on the other side." (*All are much amused by this anecdote.*)

EBENEZER—Talk about your Black Hawk War stories, one of the stories my father used to tell was about an Indian named Main Pogue. One time when Lincoln's company was camped near a wood, the guards saw this old Indian coming out from among the trees. They stopped him and handled him pretty rough, I guess. They got his name out of him, and he told them, when they asked what he wanted, that he was on his way to meet his son. They charged him with being a spy, but he said he was only hungry, and that was the reason he had come near the camp. They started to take him off, with intentions of shooting him, when Captain Abe comes up and orders that not a hair of the old Indian's head is to be harmed.

JIM—Where was his passport?

EBENEZER—Oh, he was excited, and had forgotten to show it. Some of the men were inclined to jeer at Abe for having let old Main Pogue off so easy, and one of them, not thinking Abe was within hearing, called him a coward. At that, Abe wanted to fight, but the fellow wouldn't stand up to him. In the end Main Pogue got through the lines all right.

ALLEN—Jasper, why don't you tell us a story?

JASPER—Well, I'm not much of a hand at story telling, but I might tell you about the first time I ever saw Abe Lincoln. (*All*

shift in seats as if settling down to pay particular attention.) It was back in the days when the Lincolns lived in Indiana. I was on my way to visit the school in their neighborhood, when I met Thomas Lincoln, Abe's father. He told me so much about that remarkable son of his that by the time I reached the school I was pretty thoroughly tired of the subject. But in school I could not help noticing him, first of all because he was so awkward and ungainly in appearance. But he was the best of them all in his studies, and was an especially good speller. And at the same time he was so well liked that everybody there was proud of him.

(Harry Avis, the politician, comes in just after Abe's name is mentioned the last time.)

ALLEN—Yes, I'll bet they thought the world of him back in Indiana.

GEORGE *(turning to Allen)*—Well, I guess we like him pretty well around here, too, don't we?

HARRY *(sarcastically)*—My friends, would you be so kind as to tell me who this person is upon whom you are bestowing so much attention?

EBENEZER *(equally sarcastic, mimicking him)*—Do you hear him? My friends, he desires to know who it is upon whom we are bestowing so much attention. George, would you be so kind as to tell this gentleman who it is upon whom we are bestowing so much attention?

GEORGE *(with strong feeling)*—Why, who in thunder do you think we'd be talking about just now? Abe Lincoln, of course.

HARRY—Lincoln? Why he's only an awkward fellow who has spent a few years in the state legislature and in Congress. *(All look angry at his manner.)* He's got a swelled head, and whatever possessed the country to elect him President—

JIM *(jumping up and shaking poker)*—Do you mean to stand there and sneer at Abe Lincoln, and insinuate he ain't a fit man to be President? I guess you better make tracks for that door. When I once get my fur up I'm a pretty hard customer. *(Harry stands uncertain a moment, then begins to back toward door. Jim grabs a sack of salt from counter and slings it at him just as he gets to door, yelling, "Git!")*

GEORGE—The gall of that scamp to come in here and run down Abe Lincoln. No one before this cheap disgruntled political hanger-on has ever said a word against him in my presence and

I guess he won't try it again. Abe is our President now, and we've all got to stand behind him.

DICK—Yes, he's got a tremendous problem on his hands, and he'll need all the backing he can get.

GEORGE—J. D. is sure he will free the slaves, but if I understand his attitude, he will do everything in his power to keep the southern states from leaving the Union. He's liable to send down an army just to show he means business and keep them from seceding.

PAUL—Whatever he does, we're all agreed he's able to fill a President's shoes. Abe Lincoln is our man.

ALL (*singing to tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"*)—

Hark! Hark! a signal gun is heard
 Just out beyond the fort;
 The good old Ship of State, my boys,
 Is coming into port;
 Her sails are rent, her anchors gone,
 Her crew's a sorry sort—
 To whom then shall we turn?

Chorus—

Abram, Abram, our new captain!
 Abram, Abram, our new captain!
 Abram, Abram, our new captain!
 Abe Lincoln is our man!

(*Aunt Indiana enters during singing.*)

AUNT INDIANA—Land sakes and daisies! I was agin Lincoln till I heard the people a-singin' that song. Then it come over me that I was doing just what I hadn't ought to; so I decided to vote for Lincoln. Land sakes and daisies! I just had made my mind up when I remembered I couldn't vote—I was only a woman! Well, Abe got elected anyway, and I'm going to stand by him.

ALL (*singing*)—

There's mutiny on board the ship,
 There's feud no force can quell;
 Their blood is up to fever heat—
 And some have slaves to sell!
 Buchanan here and Douglas there
 Are belching venom fell—
 Who then serene will stand?

Chorus—

Abram, Abram, our new leader!
Abram, Abram, our new leader!
Abram, Abram, our new leader!
Abe Lincoln is our man!

We'll give our Ship repairs she needs
To make her sound and tight;
Her sordid crew shall be dismissed—
They're spoiling for a fight;
Now Lincoln comes to take command,
His trust in truth and right—
With him we'll ride the storm!

Chorus—

Abram, Abram, is our hero!
Abram, Abram, is our hero!
Abram, Abram, is our hero!
Abe Lincoln is our man!

(Curtain.)

—*Myrtle L. Kaufmann and Pupils.*

The Courtship of Miles Standish

CHARACTERS

JOHN ALDEN.

MILES STANDISH.

PRISCILLA

COSTUMES

JOHN ALDEN and MILES STANDISH: Dark suits of a solid color, with coat collars turned up. Large white flat collars and deep cuffs; pin in place. Belt around waist. Leggings. Wide-brimmed black felt hat. Miles Standish, being on duty, carries a gun.

PRISCILLA: Straight, plain gown of gray. White kerchief and apron. Cap of gray trimmed with white.

ACT I

SCENE—In open. Stage arranged with trees and a crude bench. John Alden and Miles Standish discovered.

MILES STANDISH—John Alden!

JOHN ALDEN—Yes, Captain?

MILES STANDISH—John—er—er—er I say, John, thou knowest Mistress Priscilla, dost thou not?

JOHN ALDEN—I do, Captain.

MILES STANDISH—Well—er—er— John— er— I have a little errand for thee to perform for me.

JOHN ALDEN.—Yes, Captain. What might it be?

MILES STANDISH—Thou—er—er—thou knowest I hold a strong regard for Mistress Priscilla. I esteem her highly, John. I—er—er—love her, John, and fain would wed her. But the ordeal of a proposal much I fear, for I am an old man and not so easy in the company of ladies as I might wish. My! how this hard, rough soldier's life unfits us for the gentler customs of society. I am most desirous of gaining for a wife the gentle, fair Priscilla, but, for the life of me, I have neither the courage nor the words to ask her hand myself. 'Tis on this errand I would send thee, John, to woo fair Mistress Priscilla for me. Wilt

thou go, John? Wilt thou do this kindness for your old captain? And, remember, John, thou tell no one of this.

JOHN ALDEN—Yes, Captain Standish, this mission I will undertake. (*Exit Miles Standish.*) Ah! how hard it is to ask for another that which I so much desire for myself. Yet it must be done, and to the best of my ability, for have I not pledged my word to our good captain to undertake this task for him? That a man who fears not to risk his life with Indians and wild beasts a hundred times a day should tremble thus at the mere speaking of a woman's name seems strange indeed. But I must be gone and do his bidding. (*Exit John Alden.*)

ACT II

SCENE—*Interior of Priscilla's home. Priscilla at her spinning-wheel. Enter John Alden.*

JOHN ALDEN—Good-evening, Mistress Priscilla.

PRISCILLA—Good-evening, Master Alden. Be seated, pray.

JOHN ALDEN—Not till I have delivered a message to thee from our brave captain.

PRISCILLA—And what might be that message, pray?

JOHN ALDEN—Our captain bids me say he holds a strong regard for thee. He thinks no maid in all Plymouth half so fair as thou, and none one-tenth so kind.

PRISCILLA—Indeed. I never knew before that brusque Captain Standish was given as other men to flattery.

JOHN ALDEN—Hark, Priscilla! He bids me tell thee more. Being himself unused to gentle company and the fine arts of life, such as the wooing of a lovely lady, he sends me as his mouthpiece to tell thee, dear Priscilla, all that he himself is unable to express—to tell thee that he loves thee with all his heart and wishes thee to become his wife.

PRISCILLA—Thou speakest clearly, John, and earnestly, too. Methinks thou scarce could speak with greater zeal if 'twere for thyself thou asked this boon.

JOHN ALDEN—Come, dear Priscilla, do not mock me thus. Thou knowest our captain is a determined man, and truly he hath set his very heart on winning thee.

PRISCILLA—Peace, John! Thou knowest I cannot love so old a man.

JOHN ALDEN—Ah, Priscilla, but—but he loves thee dearly—loves thee more than all the world—loves thee as much as do—

PRISCILLA—As does who, John?

JOHN ALDEN—Dear Priscilla, if thou wouldst not that I betray a trust, then ask me not that question.

PRISCILLA—Ah! Master John, that which honor bids your lips restrain your naughty eyes confess.

JOHN ALDEN—Priscilla, but he does love thee. Captain Standish loves thee, and willingly would give his life to serve thee. Dost thou love him? Wilt thou wed him? He has sent me hither to ask for him these questions. What answer must I bear him dear, dear Priscilla?

PRISCILLA—Captain Standish is a selfish man—as most men are—and less courageous than I hitherto thought him, seeing that he too much fears to go a-courting for himself, but must needs impose this office on another. And well he chose his spokesman, John, for thou canst make a very pretty speech. If all this moving passion can be summoned for the pleading of another's cause, thy eloquence, methinks, must be convincing when for thyself thou dost ask a lady's hand.

JOHN ALDEN—Ah, could I but hope that my poor words would have sufficient force to kindle in the heart of her I love one little spark of love for me, then would I stand before thee all day long, Priscilla dear, and fill thy dainty ear with every loving word my tongue could frame!

PRISCILLA—Must I grow bold and ask why you waste time in another's cause? Why don't you speak for yourself, John?

(*Tableau.*)

—*Clara Childs.*

A Columbus Day Play

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

COLUMBUS—Knee-breeches, loose blouse, long cape.

COLUMBUS' FATHER—Costume same as Columbus'.

QUEEN—Black velvet dress, long cape, trimmed with ermine (made by basting cotton batting on any cape and lining it off with ink), gold paper crown, big white collar.

KING—Velvet suit, long cape, gold crown, collar.

THE TRUMPETERS—Knee-breeches, blouses and large flat hats with long feathers; carry horns.

THE SAILORS—Sailor costumes.

THE INDIANS—Indian costumes.

FATHER SUPERIOR—Regulation costume.

BAND OF ATTENDANTS.

All the children who take part in the Court scene should be in gay attire, except the Father Superior.

Costumes may be made of simple material; even crepe paper will serve the purpose. Where no costumes can be provided, the stage may be set with flags of different nations, the American and Spanish flags being most prominent. Spanish flag—white ground, initial red, cross green.

PART I—COLUMBUS AT HOME

(Columbus sits by a table on which are maps, books and charts. He is slowly turning a globe. Enter his father.)

FATHER—Oh, Columbus, why will you sit there so idle? Do you not know that there is work to do? You sit dreaming among your books and charts full half the day!

COLUMBUS—I cannot help but dream, father; I cannot help but long to sail upon the sea.

FATHER—If you do sail away what good can ever come of it?

COLUMBUS—I believe I have a divine commission to plant the flag in a new land.

FATHER—It would be far better for you to come and help me with my wool-combing than to sit and dream dreams. *(Father goes out.)*

COLUMBUS—I am possessed with a wonderful idea! I believe the earth is round and not flat. See this rudely constructed globe, how it turns. Suppose the earth also turns round! I have read in history that Seneca said to Nero that there was a new land to be discovered. Did he also believe as I do that the earth is round? I believe there is a land westward and by the grace of God I will find it. Men call me crazy because I will not believe that the earth is flat. I care little for their opinion. I will sail on a voyage of discovery. Even now I hear the call of the sea! (*Columbus goes out, walks up and down, meets many boys and girls who tap their foreheads and whisper, "Here is the crazy Columbus."*)

PART II—AT THE COURT OF SPAIN

(*The King and Queen enter and are seated with a great band of attendants. The Trumpeters enter, bow, and blow horns. The Father Superior, Juan, enters and bows low.*)

KING—Speak, Father Superior, what is the message you bring?

JUAN—Oh, King, I come to tell you about Columbus.

KING—Who, then, is Columbus?

JUAN—He is a wonderful man, I think. He has new ideas. He says the world is round and not flat. He believes if this be true he can sail around it! He wants to discover a new route to India.

KING—I have heard before of this crazy Columbus. I think there can be no land westward. Do you not know that there have been many sailors who have travelled a little way upon unknown seas, and they have all failed?

ISABELLA—I would like to hear and see the plans Columbus has made.

KING—We will let Columbus speak for himself.

(*The Trumpeters blow horns, or trumpets as before, and Columbus enters, kneels before King and Queen, then rises. He carries flag of Spain.*)

KING—We are ready now to hear your plans, Columbus and my wise men also are in waiting.

COLUMBUS—

Most noble King, I come to you,
For I'll discover countries new,

And to the Indies I will find
 A direct route I have in mind;
 But thoughts alas! are of no avail
 If I have no ships in which to sail!

KING—Come, bring out your maps and charts, and explain your plans to us.

(Columbus and the wise men sit at a table while Columbus shows his maps, etc.)

KING *(to Queen)*—I do not feel like giving this fellow aid. You see by the way the wise men look they think he is crazy!

ISABELLA—His story is at least very interesting. I hope we may hear of him again.

KING—We will wait until we know what the wise men think. Let us go into the garden.

(They go out followed by attendants and the curtain falls. Use a screen where there is no curtain.)

PART III—IN THE GARDEN

(Slow music is played. The Queen and ladies in waiting come in. The Queen sits by a table and opens a box of jewels. She takes out beads, pins, etc. The Trumpeters come and announce Columbus as before.)

COLUMBUS—Oh, Queen, I have come to ask aid. I need money for the ships. I need sailors to go with me.

ISABELLA—And aid you shall have; if the King will not give it, I will part with some of my jewels to help you.

COLUMBUS—The King still thinks I am a mere dreamer. Think for a moment what a glorious thing it will be to plant the flag of Spain on foreign shores. Think what gold mines we may discover! Think what it will mean to the world to find a shorter route to India.

ISABELLA—I will help you! You shall have your ships!

COLUMBUS—I find no words in which to thank you!

QUEEN—Go forth with good courage and plant the flag upon the land in the name of the King and Queen of Spain!

(Exit Columbus; slow music again; the Queen still looks at her jewels. In the interval between this and the next act the Trumpeters call the people together, and one of the wise men announces)—

Columbus will soon set sail! He will have three vessels at his

command—the Nina, and Pinta, the Santa Maria. Many prisoners have been set free to go with him. He has received aid from Queen Isabella of Spain. He carries the Spanish flag. He goes on a voyage of discovery in this year 1492.

PART IV—THE VOYAGE

(Boat songs may be sung behind the scenes and if ships can be constructed, so much the better. Columbus waves a large flag of Spain and the Sailors are prepared to climb the masts, etc. Large tennis nets, draped at the back of the room give a somewhat sea-like effect.)

SAILORS—Farewell to land, the blessed land!

COLUMBUS—At last we are starting on our great voyage. I will never despair, long and hard as the voyage may be. I will never be satisfied until I plant the flag of Spain on a new shore.

FIRST CAPTAIN—Oh, Columbus, do you know that no ship has ever sailed so far before? We may see great sea-monsters? We may be overtaken by storms.

SECOND CAPTAIN—Oh, Columbus, let us turn back before it is too late!

THIRD CAPTAIN—It is better to sail upon familiar seas and keep in sight of land!

COLUMBUS—You call yourselves captains and you are afraid!

FIRST CAPTAIN—The Sailors are rough men; they even talk of throwing you overboard.

COLUMBUS—We have started to the Indies and by the grace of God to the Indies we are going.

(Exit Captains. Columbus holds up a sign, "Westward Ho!" The Sailors crowd about him.)

FIRST—We shall all perish.

SECOND—We have travelled weeks and weeks and no land is in sight.

THIRD—We want to turn back at once.

FOURTH—We will sail no longer on unknown seas.

FIFTH—We cannot tell what fresh dangers await us!

SIXTH—The compass even acts strangely. The needle no longer points north!

SEVENTH—We are terrified by this long voyage. We fear the dark seas.

COLUMBUS—Courage, my men, be patient a few days more; we may even now be near the land!

EIGHTH—Ah! see here is a bit of seaweed I found!

NINTH—Here is a bit of wood I found in the water!

ALL—Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! We are near the land!

(One Sailor enters with a stuffed bird.)

SAILOR—See, here is a bird that flew up on the rigging!

ALL—Land! land! land! Let us fire a cannon!

COLUMBUS—We will go below and give thanks.

(They kneel, rise, and Columbus steps out in front upon the land, kneels, kisses the earth, and plants the flag upon the land. The others follow. The Indians run to and fro as though frightened.)

COLUMBUS—I take possession of the land in the name of the King and Queen of Spain!

PART V—THE RETURN

The Court scene as before. Enter Trumpeters to announce the coming of Columbus. Enters with Sailors and Indians. They carry stuffed birds, gold, wood carved by Indians, plants, etc.

COLUMBUS—I found these strange-looking men in the new country, and they have strange trees and plants there also. *(The Indians show plants.)* I also found much gold.

KING AND QUEEN—We welcome you home, Columbus. You may go again to the new world, with many ships this time. All the sailors will be eager to go with you this time.

KING—Give three cheers for the year of 1492!

(All cheer—Tableau, Columbus standing in front of King and Queen carrying the Spanish flag. The rest are grouped around.)

The Quarrel of the Days of the Week

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

MONDAY—Boy made up as fat negro mammy; carries toy washtub and board.

TUESDAY—Girl in long dress, apron and cap, with ironing board and iron.

WEDNESDAY—Girl in cook's cap and apron; carries mixing bowl and large wooden spoon.

THURSDAY—An old gossip with bent body; wears cap and shawl; carries cane and ear trumpet; wears glasses.

FRIDAY—Girl in dusting cap and apron; carries broom.

SATURDAY—Boy in play clothes; carries ball and tennis racket.

SUNDAY—Boy in monk's black robe; carries Bible.

SCENE—An ordinary room. Table and chair in background. Clock on wall set at one minute after twelve (midnight).

(Monday enters, carrying washtub and board, bending and groaning over load.)

MONDAY—I'se jes' natchally got moah troubles dan all de days ob de week put togedder! Dey says Atlas carried de world (*Puts tub on shoulders, imitating Atlas*) on his shouldahs, but Ah guess it wahn't much wuss 'an doin' de world's washin'. (*Puts tub on chair and rubs clothes; stops, wipes hands on apron and leans toward audience.*) An' jes' to think dat if I'd been bohned one minute earlier, I'd ob been Sunday (*Laughs and pretends to arrange dress*) wif nothin' to do but jes' dress up, an' go to meetin'—an'— (*Is interrupted by Tuesday who comes in with iron and board. Monday turns back to her tub and Tuesday follows.*)

TUESDAY—Well, well, Monday, you feelin' blue again?

MONDAY (*shaking head dolefully*)—Yes! When you get out of bed on the wrong side the whole week goes wrong! (*angrily*)—But Ah notice dat you all's mighty glad foh to hab me git out ob bed—and start things—den come a follerin' me up like you was my shadder! An' how 'bout all dese yer clothes I washes?

TUESDAY—But, Monday, the washing wouldn't help much if I were not ready to iron. (*Takes ironing board to table and begins work.*) And you can't get away from your shadow, you know! (*While Tuesday is saying this Monday has seen Wednesday enter and now warns Tuesday by putting finger to lips and saying—"Sh! heah comes Wednesday."* They both work busily, hoping that Wednesday has not seen them quarreling.)

WEDNESDAY (*shaking her wooden spoon at them*)—Did I hear you two quarreling again?

MONDAY—Doan I work hardah dan Miss Tuesday?

TUESDAY—Isn't ironing more important than washing?

(*Wednesday laughs, backs away from them and starts her baking at the table.*)

WEDNESDAY—If the boys and girls were to decide, they would say that I was more important than either of you! They hate clean clothes, but how about all the cakes and cookies I bake them?

(*Tuesday points mockingly at Monday.*)

TUESDAY—And they hate Monday because she is the first school day of the week!

(*Thursday has hobbled in and tried to listen; she now interrupts, pushing herself forward.*)

THURSDAY—What's this? What's this? A bit of gossip? A little louder, please!

WEDNESDAY—We were saying that it was too bad you had nothing to do but visit. (*All laugh.*)

THURSDAY (*applying ear trumpet*)—What's that? What's that?

ALL (*observing Friday, who has just come in*)—Here, Friday, sweep Thursday out of the way; we want to finish our quarrel.

(*Friday sweeps the old lady aside and the Days again quarrel excitedly.*)

TUESDAY (*turning to Friday*)—Who do you think works the hardest?

MONDAY (*pushing in front of Tuesday*)—Ah does, Miss Friday!

FRIDAY (*laughing*)—Well, to be frank, I think that I do! My back aches every night after I have swept for twenty-four hours.

(While she has been talking, Saturday has mischievously peeped around the door and, seeing that they were quarreling, has left. Friday now looks anxiously at the clock and the Days follow her example.)

FRIDAY—Why doesn't Saturday come! All he thinks of is play!

(Sunday comes sedately in, Saturday dancing at his heels. Sunday lifts hands for silence. Days do not see him until he speaks.)

SUNDAY—Days! Days! Saturday tells me that you are quarreling again over whose work is most important in the world. I want you to remember that—

God made the world,
And He shall say
What days shall work
And what shall play;
But each must see
That the setting sun
Sees his small duty
Cheerfully done.

Now the quarrel must end, for I am the Sabbath Day; and on my day must there be peace and good will.

—Mae Ihler.

The Use in Useless

CHARACTERS

BETH—Chairman of the giving-to-the-poor committee.

MARJORIE—A member of this committee.

ELLA—Third member of this committee.

MARGARET MARONEY—A dark-haired, frail, "poor" girl.

IMOGENE IRENE LOVELY—A rather plain "poor" girl.

SALLY SMILEY—A sad "poor" girl.

CELESTE ROCHET—A timid "poor" girl.

SCENE—A sitting room. Table having on it books and a flowering plant. Marjorie, Beth, and Ella come on stage.

BETH—Girls, I've a splendid idea for our committee. You see when they told us we'd have to decide what our class would do for the poor this Christmas, I asked Father what I ought to do as chairman of the committee. He said first I should do some research work.

MARJORIE—Don't make us dizzy. What is research work?

ELLA—Oh, I know. You sit down and puzzle your mind trying to think about something and—then you give it up.

BETH—Only I didn't. I thought and thought. When I asked Father again, he told me something I could understand. He said to go to the Board of Charities, get a list of names of people who need helping, and then go to see the people and find out what they want.

MARJORIE—Why, you wonderful girl, did you do all that?

BETH—Do listen till I get through, then I'll let you talk the rest of the time. That night I was reading the paper. You know Father pays me to read one editorial every day. They're so unromantic I'd never read them if he didn't pay me. Well, fate made me read this editorial.

ELLA (*sarcastically*)—Fate is a new name for money.

BETH (*crushingly*)—Not at all; it happened to be the shortest one on the page. It was written by a "Spug." I decided that we'd all be Spugs this year.

ELLA—But what in the name of mud is a Spug?

BETH (*condescendingly*)—Of course, when one doesn't keep up with the editorials one doesn't know very much. A Spug is a person who belongs to the Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving—especially at Christmas.

MARJORIE (*wide-eyed*)—But does that mean that you aren't going to beg for that darling ring you're so crazy for, Beth?

BETH—You don't get the idea at all. This is for the poor people—the people who don't have anything at all. They must have the necessaries of life—things they can use and things they need—practical things, you know.

MARJORIE—Well, as long as it isn't for me, I'm for it. But the only thing I want this year is a bicycle and I don't suppose I could truthfully say I need it.

ELLA—You are too personal. How are you going about it, Beth?

BETH—I picked out four of the nicest names that the lady at the Board of Charities gave me. Then I went to see them, but they weren't at home—not one of them—so I left word for them to come here this afternoon. Now you two can see them, also.

MARJORIE—Did you tell them to come here just so we could see them? That seems like asking a good deal of them.

BETH—But I'm going to *feed* them. Besides, we're going to find out what each one needs and give her that—not a frivolous nor an unnecessary thing.

ELLA—Suppose you read their names to us so we can get an idea of them.

BETH (*consulting notebook*)—I picked out four girls of about our age. Aren't these pretty names? First, there's Imogene Irene Lovely.

MARJORIE—Imogene Irene Lovely. What a beautiful name!

BETH—Yes, isn't it? Then Sally Smiley.

MARJORIE—That's such a quaint name!

BETH—Then Margaret Maroney. Isn't that "Celtic" though, as Miss Thompson says, when she means Irish? The last one must be French—Celeste Rochet. Oh, girls, just think how we can help them when we find out what they really need!

ELLA—I'm getting anxious to see them. Is it almost time for them to come?

BETH—Yes, they ought to be coming right now. We'll listen for the bell.

MARJORIE—We ought to decide how we'll go about finding out what each one needs.

ELLA—By careful questioning we can certainly find out what each girl wants—I mean needs. There—the bell—one of them must be coming. (*As dark-haired, frail girl appears, Ella whispers, "That must be the French girl, Celeste Rochet."*)

BETH (*trying to be very condescendingly cordial*)—Ah, dear, I'm so glad you've come. You must be Celeste, aren't you?

MARGARET—No, I'm Margaret Maroney. M' father's a trash-man—the finest in the city.

ELLA—And do you help your mother when you don't go to school?

MARGARET (*staring*)—School? I haven't been in school since m' mother died. (*Wistfully*) I left in the third grade just when I was having such good stories to read.

MARJORIE—Well, who looks after you and your little brothers and sisters? Who cooks for you, I mean, and sees to your clothes?

MARGARET (*grandly*)—I am the mistress of the house. (*Giggles*) I read that in a book. I do everything—wash, cook, clean, mend, and mind the children.

ELLA—What do you need?

MARGARET—Need? We won't need anything.

BETH—You don't need clothes?

MARGARET—Clothes? Oh, no, I just put Tom and Mary to bed while I wash their clothes. They don't need anything. (*Sees some books on the table.*) Please, do you mind if I look at them books? Oh, how I'd love to own some pretty books of my own. You see I can get books at the library to read but they ain't mine and I've always wanted some of my own, some I could write my name in and keep and love.

BETH—But it seems to me you need clothes, food and coal more than you need books. (*Writes in her notebook.*)

MARGARET—I must be a-going now. What was it you wanted with me, Miss?

BETH—I wanted to see you and talk with you. Come out with me to the dining room and get something to eat.

MARGARET—Would you mind letting me carry it home? Then I can give m' little sister and brother some.

BETH—Why, certainly you can. (*Margaret and Beth go out.*)

ELLA—Marjorie, I want to give that girl some books. Just

think how awful it would be if you didn't have any books at all. Why, she *must* have some books.

MARJORIE—But, Ella, if we're to be Spugs, we'll have to give her stockings and—and things she really needs—not luxuries like books, when she can get them at the library to read.

ELLA—Then let's apply that to ourselves. What I really need is a tutor to teach me arithmetic. But do you think I'd have a Merry Christmas if I got a tutor for a present? What you need is woolen stockings. How'd you like to get them?

MARJORIE—Oh, you know how I hate those things. I wouldn't wear them for anything. Only silk stockings shall ever go on my feet.

ELLA—Who is this Beth is bringing in now?

BETH (*with two girls, one rather plain, one very solemn*)—This, girls (*pointing to the plain one*), is Imogene Irene Lovely, and this (*pointing to the sad one*) is Sally Smiley.

ELLA (*aside to Marjorie*)—Can you beat it?

MARJORIE (*bowing*)—I'm glad to meet you, Miss Lovely and Miss Smiley.

BETH—Do sit down and talk to us a while. Then we'll have something to eat.

IRENE—Oh I do so want a ring. (*Looks wistfully at Beth's rings.*) Them's so pretty. If only I could get one for Christmas some way. But they's a fat chance of me gettin' one.

BETH (*seriously*)—But don't you need something more than that for Christmas?

IRENE—Oh, yes, I need a good coat, and Pap says that's what he's going to get me if he kin afford it. But seems to me like Christmas is jist the time to get what you want—not what you need. Here's me, all my life wantin' a ring—and gettin' a coat. Why, I'd be happy to wear this one all winter. If I do get a little cold, I can always dance up and down or run till I get warm enough. Why, I'd be perfectly warm in jist a ring.

SALLY—And the only thing I want is a pink hat for my mother. She's been in bed sick for a year now, and all she wants is a pink hat.

MARJORIE (*horrified*)—A pink hat!

SALLY (*mournfully*)—Yes'm, a pink hat is what she wants, so bad that she dreams about it all the time. To me it seems Christmas ought to be a time for bein' happy, but how 're we goin' to be happy when Ma can't get what she's been longin' and hankerin' after all this time?

ELLA (*recklessly*)—I'll help you get that pink hat for your mother. She shall have a pink hat if she wants it. Why (*fiercely*), I'd try to get her a pink *snake* if that was what she wanted.

SALLY (*smiling for the first time*)—Oh, if you only will, I'll do anything on earth for you.

BETH (*abruptly*)—Come, let's all go into the dining room and get something to eat.

(*All go out, Ella and Sally talking volubly. Enter a light-haired girl who comes in timidly, looks around, then sits down on the edge of a chair. Her face brightens as she sees the growing flower on the table. She crosses to the table and leans over the plant.*)

CELESTE (*to herself*)—Oh, if I could get one just like this for Sister. Wouldn't she love it though? Then she wouldn't hate working in that factory so. She just said to me to-day, "Oh, Celeste, I could just *eat* flowers. I'm still trying hard to get in that florist shop. But they don't need me, they say."

(*Beth, who has been listening to all that Celeste has said and has written in her notebook in a determined manner, now comes forward from the doorway where she has been standing.*)

BETH—This must be Celeste. Won't you come into the dining room and get something to eat? You're the last one.

CELESTE—Thank you, but I haven't time. I have to go home right now and get supper.

BETH—Then I'll give you some sandwiches in a box. Come with me. (*Beth and Celeste go out.*)

(*Enter Ella and Marjorie.*)

ELLA—I don't care what Beth says. I'm going to see that those girls get what they want. Once a year you are entitled to get something useless. I'm the guy that put the *use in useless*. I'm going to start a Useless Gift Club. What if our parents said to us, "No, dear, you must have something useful, like good wholesome food, for a Christmas present"? How'd you like to come down Christmas morning and find a nice box of Post Toasties for a gift?

MARJORIE—Ella, I feel the same way. While those girls were talking, I felt so ashamed of myself!

BETH (*coming in*)—Well, girls, I've got all the things written down.

ELLA—You needn't tell me, for I'm going to appoint myself a committee of one to see that those girls get what they *want*. I'm not a Spug. I believe in the spirit of Christmas—the spirit of making people happy. I don't give a hang whether they are comfortable or not, but they simply have got to be happy. Merry Christmas (*disgustedly*) with a package of flour, when all you want is a ring! I'm done with your useful stuff! Good-by.

BETH—I've had a change of heart too.* But (*as Ella starts joyfully toward her*) I'm still a Spug. (*Ella turns sorrowfully away.*) I've changed the words a little. No longer Society for the *Prevention* of Useless Giving, but Society for the *Promotion* of Useless Giving, at Christmas.

MARJORIE—Then Margaret can have her books?

BETH—There'll be something to pay if she doesn't.

ELLA (*in a sing-song*)—And Irene her ring, and Sally her pink hat.

BETH—Yes, and Celeste a whole tub of flowers! I have the whole list in my little book. Here's to the new and glorious order of Spugs! (*All raise hands and cheer as curtain falls.*)

—May L. Treadwell.

A Runaway Thanksgiving Dinner

CHARACTERS

BOY, TURKEY, GRAVY, POTATO, CORN, SQUASH, PIE, CAKE, SALT, PEPPER, BREAD, BUTTER, PLUM PUDDING, APPLE, CRANBERRY SAUCE, CELERY. (*The last three have no speaking parts.*)

COSTUMES

Each character, except the Boy, wears a flat picture of the dish he represents like a mask. These may be drawn on stiff cardboard large enough to cover the head completely, small holes cut for eyes and mouth, and fastened on by wide tapes tied about the head. The pictures are easily drawn with colored crayon and should be sprayed with fixative.

SCENE—*The stage is set to represent a cornfield in November, with rising moon. Enter Boy.*

Boy—

Oh! Hi-diddle-diddle! The cat and the fiddle,
 The dish ran away with the spoon!
 But that's nothing at all to what I saw
 To-night by the light of the moon.
 For I've just been over to Grandma's house
 And peeped in her pantry a minute,
 To see the turkey and pumpkin pie
 She's sure to have stored away in it;
 And—what do you think? The cupboard was bare!
 But the moon shone bright as day,
 And out across the brown fields there
 That dinner was running away!
 The turkey ran first! and the pumpkin pie!
 And the gravy—I'm sure it will spill,
 And fat old plum pudding very near
 Stuck fast on the window sill.
 And away in the moonlight—every one!
 I climbed through the window, too;

If there's anything jolly on hand to-night

I'll see what they're going to do! (*Starts off right.*)

They're coming in this side—(*Turns to left.*)

And this side too—I'll hide!

(*Runs and hides behind cornstalks at center back. Enter Turkey, followed by all the dinner, from right and left back.*)

TURKEY—Here we are in the cornfield!

GRAVY—Did you all get here?

CORN—Somebody opened the door just as I got through the window.

SQUASH—It was the Boy. I wonder if he saw us!

PLUM PUDDING—I thought he'd see me! I nearly stuck in the window, it was so small.

PIE—To-morrow the Boy may have us all!

CORN—To-morrow is Thanksgiving!

GRAVY—Let's have a big frolic to-night.

SQUASH—Yes, for it's the last time we can come.

TURKEY—The Boy can hardly wait for to-morrow.

PIE—You should have seen how excited he was when Grandmother baked me to-day!

GRAVY—Ah, but he likes Turkey and me best of all.

ALL—What's that? No, indeed! He likes me best!

TURKEY—Order! Order! what a racket! Now listen: We have come out for a moonlight frolic, so I, as the most important part of the Thanksgiving dinner—

ALL—No, no! I am the best! No, I am!

GRAVY—I say! Let each of us tell what he has done for the Boy, and the one who is most useful may lead us in our dance.

BUTTER—All right!

SQUASH—Begin with Butter. She hasn't much to tell.

BUTTER (*stepping forward*)—Indeed I have! Turkey comes to the table only once a year. Celery and Cranberry Sauce and even Squash come only part of the year. But the Boy eats me on his bread three times a day all the year around. So I am most useful to the Boy.

(*Salt and Pepper come forward, hand in hand.*)

SALT—So do Pepper and I. We are always on the table. Grandmother takes us off only to wash our faces. She uses us when she cooks, too. We are even more useful than Butter.

CAKE—Now I am really fine. Grandmother is very careful when she makes me. She uses the best things in her cupboard

and stirs me a long time. I am so good even the Boy cannot have too much of me.

SQUASH—The farmer planted me carefully. Every day he watched me grow. Then he put me in the cellar for Thanksgiving, for I was the best of the squashes. Cake can be made in an hour, but it takes a long time to grow a squash.

BREAD—The Boy eats me every meal. I am good for him, too. Often Grandmother says, "No more pie, or cake, dear. It is Bread that will make a big man of you."

POTATO—When white men came to America they found the Indians ate a strange root called the Potato. They, too, learned to like it, and now the Boy eats me every day.

GRAVY—But he doesn't like his Potato without Gravy. I am made out of the best part of the Turkey, the rich juicy part. So I am the cream of the dinner.

PIE—The Pilgrim mothers made pies for the first Thanksgiving dinner. The children helped cut the pumpkins, then sliced them into rings, and hung them by the fireplace. Today Grandmother let the Boy help cut the pumpkins she used. He was very proud to help make such a fine pie.

CORN—I fed the Pilgrims first of all. When they landed they found a basket of corn, and liked the strange new food. At one time there was only food enough for each to have five grains of corn. Later, at their Thanksgiving dinners, they put five grains of corn on each plate in memory of that time.

PLUM PUDDING—Ah, but I am the richest part of the dinner! Do you know why I come last? It is so that they may taste me the longest!

TURKEY—I am Turkey! I helped in the first Thanksgiving dinner, and now it wouldn't be Thanksgiving without me. I am brought in first, and eaten longest, and *I have a wishbone!* Am I not the most important?

(Enter Boy.)

BOY—Turkey is the best!

ALL—Who is it? Who is here? It is the Boy! How did he get here?

CORN—Let the Boy come and play with us.

ALL—Yes, yes!

GRAVY—Come, let us play. Lead us, Turkey.

TURKEY—The Boy shall lead us.

(They form four rows of four each, standing just near enough

to hold hands, the Boy with Turkey in center front. Throughout the drill use skipping steps with music.)

I. Holding hands. All take four steps forward and four steps backward into position. Repeat.

II. Same as I, singing to air of "Good-night, Ladies":—
Merrily we play along, play along, play along,
Merrily we play along, till Thanksgiving Day.

III. Drop hands. On last step of II, the children in 4th row step to one side, which brings them between those in 3rd row. Rows 1, 2, 3, remain standing while 4th row takes four long steps forward, when they will stand ahead of 1st row. All hold hands and take four short steps backward. On the first step, those ahead step sideways into position as the new 1st row. The movement is repeated, bringing new rear row to front. Repeat till all stand in first position.

IV. Repeat II.

V. Repeat I, singing:—

Only until midnight, midnight, midnight,

Only until midnight, are we allowed to play.

Then we'll have to leave you, leave you, leave you.

Then we'll have to leave you, till Thanksgiving Day.

4

3

2

1

A B C D

VI. Lines B and D take one step back (four counts). Dance four steps between the rows till they stand beyond A and C. One step forward (four counts). All take hands, dance sideways till lines C and D have exchanged position, also A and B. Repeat back to position.

VII. Repeat II.

VIII. Repeat I, singing:—

Goodnight, Boy, goodnight, Boy,

Goodnight, Boy. We all must leave you now.

(A clock is heard striking twelve. At the first stroke all stand silent. On the last all silently disappear at right and left front.)

BOY (*rubbing his eyes*)—I wonder if I've been asleep!

(Curtain.)

—Bessie A. St. Clair.

The Queen O' the May

CHARACTERS

BERT	GEORGE	HATTIE
JOHN	JENNIE	MINNIE

MADGE—A Queen of the May.

MRS. WHEELER—A May Queen of "auld lang syne."

MR. DEAN—As young as ever.

MISS BROWN—The teacher.

A number of old people, and as many additional boys and girls as desired.

COSTUMES

The boys and girls who take part in the May party wear clothing appropriate for a May-day festival of sixty years ago. The old people are made up as grandmothers and grandfathers in modern dress. All others wear ordinary costumes.

SCENE I

SCENE—An ordinary room. Jennie, Hattie, Minnie, Bert, John and George discovered, seated.

JENNIE—Do you realize, boys and girls, that a week from today is Arbor Day?

SEVERAL—Why, yes. Haven't we been learning a song for it?

JENNIE—Yes, but I hadn't thought of its being so near at hand. I haven't even begun to learn my recitation yet.

HATTIE—That's nothing. You never begin until the last minute.

JENNIE—And we haven't picked out the seeds for our garden, either.

BERT—We brought along some catalogues for that purpose. Here they are. (*Boys pass catalogues around.*)

GIRLS—Oh, aren't they pretty!

MINNIE—I always like to look at seed catalogues. (*All hold books well in front of them as they recite or sing the following. If sung, the tune of "Auld Lang Syne" may be used, with the last stanza as chorus*)—

'Twill soon be planting time again;
 We'll choose our seeds with care,
 And raise the finest vegetables,
 And flowers sweet and fair.

BOYS (*turning pages*)—

Tomatoes, beets, and Lima beans,

GIRLS—

Sweet peas and asters, too,

BOYS—

And melons, squash and cabbages,

GIRLS—

Forget-me-nots, so blue.

We'll plant the things that we love best,

And give them greatest care,

We'll raise the finest vegetables

And flowers sweet and fair.

JOHN—Oh, say, do we have to plant them in the full moon or the new moon? I can't remember which.

GEORGE—Why, no, you goosey, we plant them in the earth.

JOHN—Oh, is that so, Mr. Smarty?

BERT—I know what I'm going to do. I'll plant Lima beans with my corn and let the beans climb up the cornstalks. That will save hunting up poles.

HATTIE—You're always looking out for a way to save labor.

MINNIE—Then you'll have succotash when they get ripe.

JOHN—I wish I knew how to plant my cabbage so's to have it grow into sauerkraut.

JENNIE—Mercy sakes! don't talk about sauerkraut now.

MINNIE—What shall we do about the flowers, girls?

HATTIE—My grandma always liked canterbury bells best when she was a girl.

JENNIE—My grandma liked English primroses best.

MINNIE—And mine liked four o'clocks best of all.

GEORGE—That's what I like—four o'clock in the afternoon when school lets out.

JENNIE—We knew it wasn't four o'clock in the morning.

HATTIE—But about the flowers?

MINNIE—Let's have the same as our grandmothers had—the old-fashioned kind.

JOHN—They didn't have Arbor Day when our grandmothers were girls.

JENNIE—Maybe not, but they used to have flowers. They didn't have to have Arbor Day for that.

MINNIE—They used to have a Maypole and choose a May Queen too.

BERT—Wouldn't that be jolly!

GEORGE—I say, let's have one ourselves.

HATTIE—Why can't we? We'll have a May party after the exercises are over.

JENNIE—Yes, that will be fine. I'm sure Miss Brown will let us do it.

JOHN—Of course she will.

MINNIE—And we'll invite our grandmothers to come and see it.

JOHN—Yes, and our grandfathers, too.

JENNIE—I must go home and study my piece.

JOHN—Well, let's adjourn till some other time.

MINNIE—And don't forget about the May party.

SCENE II

SCENE—A school yard. The visitors, including grandfathers and grandmothers, sit at right of stage. Miss Brown and a few pupils sit at extreme left. Those who wear old-fashioned costumes should be off stage and enter at left.)

SCHOOL (*sings to tune of "The Dearest Spot"*)—

Now Arbor Day has come again,

Sweet Arbor Day;

With fairest flowers in its train,

Sweet Arbor Day;

See how green the grass is growing,

And how fresh the winds are blowing,

Where the pearly brooks are flowing,

On Arbor Day.

Oh, come and join our merry song

This Arbor Day;

For we have waited, oh so long

For Arbor Day;

In the trees the birds are singing,

While on leafy boughs they're swinging,—
 'Tis a message sweet they're bringing
 This Arbor Day.

(Any number of recitations and songs may be introduced here.)

THE MAY-BASKET MARCH AND DRILL

Enter boys at right, front carrying fancy baskets of flowers in left hands. A small flag is in each basket.

Enter girls at left front.

Both advance to center, courtesy to each other, and clasping and uplifting hands, pass to line at rear, the couples alternating to right and left.

After the line is complete, all trip to front, still holding hands uplifted and clasped.

At front all drop hands and courtesy to each other. Boys drop to right knees and present baskets of flowers to girls and retain the flags themselves.

All march around to rear and cross stage three or five times until front is reached. Turn and march in small circle at left (once around). Pass to right and march in small circle, then around to front of stage and form in line.

The Drill—

1. Courtesy or bow to audience.
2. Hold baskets and flags in left hands and swing them to right and left during eight beats.
3. Raise baskets and flags above heads and swing to right and left during eight beats.
4. Place right foot forward and kneel with left. Extend baskets and flags to audience during four beats.
- 5—6. Resume standing position and repeat 3—4, except that baskets and flags are held in right hands.
7. Step backward with left foot and kneel. Same position as in 4, four beats.
8. Resume standing position and march or trip around to rear and stand in line.

(Enter May Queen at left. She sings to tune "My Bonnie")—

Oh, come, 'tis the time for a frolic,

Oh, let us be merry to-day,

Oh, come let us join in the frolic,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Chorus—

Oh ho, oh ho, I'm to be Queen o' the May, the May,

Oh ho, oh ho, for I'm to be Queen o' the May.

(*She trips back and forth as she sings, beckoning to others and appearing very happy.*)

(*Boys and Girls sing to same tune*)—

We've gathered the fairest of flowers

From woodland and valley to-day,

And woven a wreath from the garlands

To crown our fair Queen o' the May.

Chorus—

All hail! all hail! Hail our fair Queen o' the May, the May,

All hail! all hail! All hail our fair Queen o' the May.

(*During the song the girls crown the May Queen with a wreath of flowers. During the chorus all courtesy or kneel to her.*)

ALL (*clasping hands and dancing about the Queen as they sing*)—

Now come, let us join in the frolic,

And let us be merry to-day,

And dance all around in a circle,

Around our fair Queen o' the May.

Chorus—

Oh ho, oh ho, hail to the Queen o' the May, the May!

Oh ho, oh ho, we'll dance 'round our Queen o' the May.

MR. DEAN (*rising*)—May I say jest a word right here?

MISS BROWN—Why, yes, certainly, Mr. Dean. We'll be very glad to have you.

MR. DEAN—I jest wanter say that when we older folks was boys an' gals together, more 'n sixty years ago, we uster do the same things that these youngsters are doin' now. An' every year we'd allers choose the purtiest gal fer the Queen o' the May. I don't reckon you'd ever guess who 'twas. (*Pauses.*) Wall, thar she sits right afore ye this minute. (*Points to Mrs. Wheeler.*) You call her Grandma Wheeler now.

ALL—O-o-oh, Grandma Wheeler the May Queen!

MR. DEAN—That's a fact. (*To Mrs. Wheeler*) You needn't blush, Susan. Sixty years of trials an' tribulations ain't destroyed all your good looks yet, not by a good ways. I reckon you'd make a purty fair Queen to-day.

MINNIE—Come, Grandma, try it.

GIRLS—Yes, do.

MADGE—I will surrender the crown in your favor.

MR. DEAN—Better try it, Susan, an' see how it seems once more.

MRS. WHEELER—I'll try it once jest for old time's sake.

(The girls lead her to center and transfer the crown from Madge's head to hers. All sing second stanza of song. They dance about the circle while singing the chorus.)

MR. DEAN—You make as sweet an' charmin' a Queen as ever. I wouldn't mind takin' a turn around once myself for old time's sake.

(The Maypole may be brought now and placed in center. The pole is made to stand erect by means of three or four braces similar to the chart standards found in schoolrooms. It should be wound with evergreens and flowers. Long ropes twined with evergreens are fastened to the top of the pole.)

GIRLS—Come, everybody.

MRS. WHEELER—Yes, come an' join the Maypole dance.

MR. DEAN—Mebbe it'll kinder renew our youth. Come, neighbors, we'll do it once for the sake of "aud lang syne" an' the Queen o' the May. I feel jest as young as I ever did.

(The old people join in circle. All take ropes or streamers and dance or hobble about the Maypole. Children join them.)

ALL *(singing to tune of "Auld Lang Syne")*—

Oh, come, and let's be young again,

And clasp your hands in mine,

For thus we danced upon the green

In days of auld lang syne.

Chorus—

Oh, come, and let's be merry now,

Amid the flowers fine,

And hail our sweet and gracious queen,—

The queen of auld lang syne.

(If preferred, the Maypole may be dispensed with, and the old people dance around the Queen. A tableau may be presented at the close or the curtain rung down at the close of song.)

—Willis N. Bugbee.

The tunes mentioned herein may all be found in "The Blue Book of Favorite Songs," price 10 cents. Address: F. A. Owen Publishing Company, Dansville, N. Y.

How "The Star-Spangled Banner" Was Written

NOTE: During our war with England in 1814, Francis Scott Key visited an American Prisoner who was on a British flagship outside of Fort McHenry, Baltimore. While on the ship a battle began and Francis Scott Key was detained on the flagship. All through the night he and his friend watched the battle and in the morning, as the first rays of the sun came over the hill, there was the flag waving! Francis Scott Key was then inspired to write "The Star-Spangled Banner."

CHARACTERS

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY—Who visits the wounded American prisoner on board the British flagship.

COMMODORE WHITE—Wounded prisoner.

CAPTAIN—British officer who is a friend of Commodore White.

SAILOR—On guard.

SAILOR—Who speaks.

COSTUMES

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY—Colonial costume.

COMMODORE WHITE—Knee breeches, white shirt, head and left arm bandaged.

CAPTAIN AND SAILORS—British suit of 1814; gray trousers, red shirt, one white band across chest.

SETTING—*In an officer's cabin aboard a British flagship which is lying outside of Fort McHenry, Baltimore. British flag and swords on wall; a table with a few books in center; chairs. Door to left.*

SCENE I

SCENE—*Commodore White seated to right of table, Captain to left, both reading. Guard slowly pacing back and forth. After a few seconds characters speak.*

CAPTAIN (*slapping leg*)—That was a fine battle we had, sir.

COMMODORE—Aye, that it was! You British may beat us in one fair fight, but five minutes after we are ready to fight you again.

CAPTAIN—Yes, I have noticed that you Americans are true and loyal to your flag.

COMMODORE (*rising and bringing fist down on table*)—Aye, that we are, and would gladly die for her. (*Sits.*)

CAPTAIN—I am sorry you were wounded, sir.

COMMODORE—It was a bullet in my shoulder, and your British doctors have taken such good care of my wound that it gives me little trouble now.

CAPTAIN—I thank you, sir.

COMMODORE—Do you happen to know a gentleman by the name of Francis Scott Key?

COMMODORE—He is an old friend of mine. A gentleman who dearly loves Old Glory. I have known him for many years. This morning I sent him a note asking him to come to see me. I know he will come if he can for he has never disappointed me.

CAPTAIN—I hope he may come. (*Enter sailor who stands at attention; speaks to Captain.*)

SAILOR—The Admiral wishes to see you in his cabin, sir.

CAPTAIN—I must be leaving, Commodore, good-by.

COMMODORE—Good-by, Captain. (*To sailor*)—Do you think there will be trouble to-night?

SAILOR—Yes, sir. (*Exit.*)

COMMODORE—I hardly think there will be trouble. It does not seem to me there should be. (*Reads book. Sailor's voice heard outside.*) This is the cabin, sir. (*Enter sailor and Francis Scott Key. Exit sailor. Key and Commodore greet each other.*)

F. S. K.—Commodore, I never expected to see you again when your ship went down.

COMMODORE—Some of the British sailors picked me up and I have been a prisoner here ever since.

F. S. K.—How are your wounds, Commodore?

COMMODORE—They are coming along nicely. The British doctors have been so kind to me that I have had little pain.

F. S. K.—That is good.

COMMODORE (*anxiously*)—But how are my father and my mother?

F. S. K.—They are both well, Commodore, and hoping to see you soon.

COMMODORE—I am very glad of that. I hope we may all be together before long.

F. S. K. (*taking book from pocket*)—I brought these poems, Commodore. I thought you would like to read about Old Glory.

COMMODORE—Thank you, Francis.

F. S. K. (*looking at watch and rising*)—They gave me only five minutes to stay and my time is up. (*Shakes hands.*) Good-by, Commodore.

COMMODORE—Good-by, Francis. (*F. S. K. starts to go out of door, but as he does so sailor steps in doorway. F. S. K. steps back surprised. Commodore rises.*)

SAILOR—I am sorry, but you cannot leave the ship to-night, sir.

F. S. K.—Is there trouble?

SAILOR—Yes, sir.

F. S. K.—Are you British turning your guns on Old Glory?

SAILOR—Yes sir. (*Steps back. Sailor on guard stands at other side of cabin.*)

F. S. K.—Would I were there to help! (*Turns and looks out of porthole to where the flag is floating over fort.*) Old Glory, flag of our fathers, I will stand here all through the night and watch you, for you will be floating as proudly over Fort McHenry to-morrow as you are to-day. On you our homes, our city, depend. You must win, and you will win!

SCENE II

SCENE—Cabin dark. Commodore reclining on pillows in easy chair. Francis Scott Key standing, looking anxiously out of porthole. Guard walks across cabin once. Sentry's footsteps heard. He calls, "Four o'clock, and all's well."

COMMODORE (*tired voice*)—Well, Francis, how goes it with Old Glory?

F. S. K.—I do not know, Commodore. The mists and the smoke clouds are heavy, now. There! No.

COMMODORE—Will you not rest, Francis? You have been standing there all night.

F. S. K.—No, I will not rest until I have seen Old Glory.

COMMODORE—This has been a long night, Francis.

F. S. K. (*turning to Commodore*)—Aye, it has been longer than a year! All through the night the cannon have been roaring as they belched forth heavy clouds of smoke. But again and again, as the bombs burst in air, lighting the sky with a red, red glow, there on the ramparts was proudly floating our flag. The mists are heavy now. I have not seen our banner for two hours. Could it be? No! It cannot be! We must win! We

shall win! We shall win! The dense smoke clouds are parting now, Commodore.

(Cabin gradually grows brighter. Commodore stands by F. S. K., looking for flag.)

F. S. K.—The mists are rolling away. It is growing brighter and brighter. The sun is coming up. It is lighting the fort, and there! Old Glory is proudly waving o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave. All through the weary night have we watched, Commodore, and there, there she is waving! I will write of this long, weary night, and of her, our glorious flag. *(Goes over to table to get paper.)*

COMMODORE—I knew you would win, Old Glory. I knew you would be floating as proudly to-day as you were yesterday. *(Stands looking toward fort.)*

F. S. K. *(takes envelope from pocket, writes, and then recites the first stanza of the "Star-Spangled Banner")*—

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous
fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly stream-
ing?

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

Oh, say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

(Francis Scott Key stands writing while chorus sings "The Star-Spangled Banner".)

—Beth Harris.

INSTRUCTOR ENTERTAINMENT BOOKS

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Pieces and Plays for Patriotic Days By Grace B. Faxon. While largely devoted to Memorial Day (May 30) and Flag Day (June 14), much of the contents may be used in any patriotic program. It contains 101 recitations for young pupils and advanced grades, 39 dialogues and plays, and an abundance of drills, quotations, verses for familiar tunes, etc. There is an abundance of selections for little folk and entire programs for higher grades. The plays include a dramatization of "The Man Without a Country." Price, 40 cents, postpaid.

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